

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE MOONSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED).

AFTER the library had been swept and cleaned in the morning, neither first nor second housemaid had any business in that room at any later period of the day. I stopped Rosanna Spearman, and charged her with a breach of domestic discipline on the spot.

"What might you want in the library at this time of day?" I inquired.

"Mr. Franklin Blake dropped one of his rings up-stairs," says Rosanna; "and I have been into the library to give it to him." The girl's face was all in a flush as she made me that answer; and she walked away with a toss of her head and a look of self-importance which I was quite at a loss to account for. The proceedings in the house had doubtless upset all the women-servants more or less; but none of them had gone clean out of their natural characters, as Rosanna, to all appearance, had now gone out of hers.

I found Mr. Franklin writing at the library-table. He asked for a conveyance to the railway station the moment I entered the room. The first sound of his voice informed me that we now had the resolute side of him uppermost once more. The man made of cotton had disappeared; and the man made of iron sat before me again.

"Going to London, sir?" I asked.

"Going to telegraph to London," says Mr. Franklin. "I have convinced my aunt that we must have a cleverer head than Superintendent Seegrave's to help us; and I have got her permission to despatch a telegram to my father. He knows the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Commissioner can lay his hand on the right man to solve the mystery of the Diamond. Talking of mysteries, by-the-by," says Mr. Franklin, dropping his voice, "I have another word to say to you before you go to the stables. Don't breathe a word of it to anybody as yet; but either Rosanna Spearman's head is not quite right, or I am afraid she knows more about the Moonstone than she ought to know."

I can hardly tell whether I was more startled

or distressed at hearing him say that. If I had been younger, I might have confessed as much to Mr. Franklin. But, when you are old, you acquire one excellent habit. In cases where you don't see your way clearly, you hold your tongue.

"She came in here with a ring I dropped in my bedroom," Mr. Franklin went on. "When I had thanked her, of course I expected her to go. Instead of that, she stood opposite to me at the table, looking at me in the oddest manner—half frightened, and half familiar—I couldn't make it out. 'This is a strange thing about the Diamond, sir,' she said, in a curiously sudden, headlong way. I said, Yes it was, and wondered what was coming next. Upon my honour, Betteredge, I think she must be wrong in the head! She said, 'They will never find the Diamond, sir, will they? No! nor the person who took it—I'll answer for that.' She actually nodded and smiled at me! Before I could ask her what she meant, we heard your step outside. I suppose she was afraid of your catching her here. At any rate, she changed colour, and left the room. What on earth does it mean?"

I could not bring myself to tell him the girl's story, even then. It would have been almost as good as telling him that she was the thief. Besides, even if I had made a clean breast of it, and even supposing she was the thief, the reason why she should let out her secret to Mr. Franklin, of all the people in the world, would have been still as far to seek as ever.

"I can't bear the idea of getting the poor girl into a scrape, merely because she has a flighty way with her, and talks very strangely," Mr. Franklin went on. "And yet, if she had said to the Superintendent what she said to me, fool as he is, I'm afraid—" He stopped there, and left the rest unspoken.

"The best way, sir," I said, "will be for me to say two words privately to my mistress about it at the first opportunity. My lady has a very friendly interest in Rosanna; and the girl may only have been forward and foolish, after all. When there's a mess of any kind in a house, sir, the women-servants like to look at the gloomy side—it gives the poor wretches a kind of importance in their own eyes. If there's anybody ill, trust the women for prophesying that the person will die. If it's a jewel

lost, trust them for prophesying that it will never be found again."

This view (which, I am bound to say, I thought a probable view myself, on reflection) seemed to relieve Mr. Franklin mightily: he folded up his telegram, and dismissed the subject. On my way to the stables, to order the pony-chaise, I looked in at the servants' hall, where they were at dinner. Rosanna Spearman was not among them. On inquiry, I found that she had been suddenly taken ill, and had gone up-stairs to her own room to lie down,

"Curious! She looked well enough when I saw her last," I remarked.

Penelope followed me out. "Don't talk in that way before the rest of them, father," she said. "You only make them harder on Rosanna than ever. The poor thing is breaking her heart about Mr. Franklin Blake."

Here was another view of the girl's conduct. If it was possible for Penelope to be right, the explanation of Rosanna's strange language and behaviour might have been all in this—that she didn't care what she said, so long as she could surprise Mr. Franklin into speaking to her. Granting that to be the right reading of the riddle, it accounted, perhaps, for her flighty self-conceited manner when she passed me in the hall. Though he had only said three words, still she had carried her point, and Mr. Franklin *had* spoken to her.

I saw the pony harnessed myself. In the infernal network of mysteries and uncertainties that now surrounded us, I declare it was a relief to observe how well the buckles and straps understood each other! When you had seen the pony backed into the shafts of the chaise, you had seen something there was no doubt about. And that, let me tell you, was becoming a treat of the rarest kind in our household.

Going round with the chaise to the front door, I found not only Mr. Franklin, but Mr. Godfrey and Superintendent Seegrave also waiting for me on the steps.

Mr. Superintendent's reflections (after failing to find the Diamond in the servants' rooms, or boxes) had led him, it appeared, to an entirely new conclusion. Still sticking to his first text, namely, that somebody in the house had stolen the jewel, our experienced officer was now of opinion that the thief (he was wise enough not to name poor Penelope, whatever he might privately think of her!) had been acting in concert with the Indians; and he accordingly proposed shifting his inquiries to the jugglers in the prison at Frizinghall. Hearing of this new move, Mr. Franklin had volunteered to take the Superintendent back to the town, from which he could telegraph to London as easily as from our station. Mr. Godfrey, still devoutly believing in Mr. Seegrave, and greatly interested in witnessing the examination of the Indians, had begged leave to accompany the officer to Frizinghall. One of the two inferior policemen was to be left at the house, in case anything happened. The other was to go back with the Superintendent to the town.

So the four places in the pony-chaise were just filled.

Before he took the reins to drive off, Mr. Franklin walked me away a few steps out of hearing of the others.

"I will wait to telegraph to London," he said, "till I see what comes of our examination of the Indians. My own conviction is, that this muddle-headed local police-officer is as much in the dark as ever, and is simply trying to gain time. The idea of any of the servants being in league with the Indians is a preposterous absurdity, in my opinion. Keep about the house, Betteredge, till I come back, and try what you can make of Rosanna Spearman. I don't ask you to do anything degrading to your own self-respect, or anything cruel towards the girl. I only ask you to exercise your observation more carefully than usual. We will make as light of it as we can before my aunt—but this is a more important matter than you may suppose."

"It's a matter of twenty thousand pounds, sir," I said, thinking of the value of the Diamond.

"It's a matter of quieting Rachel's mind," answered Mr. Franklin gravely. "I am very uneasy about her."

He left me suddenly, as if he desired to cut short any further talk between us. I thought I understood why. Further talk might have let me into the secret of what Miss Rachel had said to him on the terrace.

So they drove away to Frizinghall. I was ready enough, in the girl's own interest, to have a little talk with Rosanna in private. But the needful opportunity failed to present itself. She only came downstairs again at tea-time. When she did appear, she was flighty and excited, had what they call an hysterical attack, took a dose of sal volatile by my lady's order, and was sent back to her bed.

The day wore on to its end drearily and miserably enough, I can tell you. Miss Rachel still kept her room, declaring that she was too ill to come down to dinner that day. My lady was in such low spirits about her daughter, that I could not bring myself to make her additionally anxious, by reporting what Rosanna Spearman had said to Mr. Franklin. Penelope persisted in believing that she was to be forthwith tried, sentenced, and transported for theft. The other women took to their Bibles and hymn-books, and looked as sour as verjuice over their reading—a result, which I have observed, in my sphere of life, to follow generally on the performance of acts of piety at unaccustomed periods of the day. As for me, I hadn't even heart enough to open my Robinson Crusoe. I went out into the yard, and, being hard up for a little cheerful society, set my chair by the kennels, and talked to the dogs.

Half an hour before dinner-time, the two gentlemen came back from Frizinghall, having arranged with Superintendent Seegrave that he was to return to us the next day. They had called on Mr. Murthwaite, the Indian traveller,

at his present residence, near the town. At Mr. Franklin's request, he had kindly given them the benefit of his knowledge of the language, in dealing with those two, out of the three Indians, who knew nothing of English. The examination, conducted carefully, and at great length, had ended in nothing; not the shadow of a reason being discovered for suspecting the jugglers of having tampered with any of our servants. On reaching that conclusion, Mr. Franklin had sent his telegraphic message to London, and there the matter now rested till to-morrow came.

So much for the history of the day that followed the birthday. Not a glimmer of light had broken in on us, so far. A day or two after, however, the darkness lifted a little. How, and with what result, you shall presently see.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Thursday night passed, and nothing happened. With the Friday morning came two pieces of news.

Item the first: The baker's man declared he had met Rosanna Spearman, on the previous afternoon, with a thick veil on, walking towards Frizinghall by the footpath way over the moor. It seemed strange that anybody should be mistaken about Rosanna, whose shoulder marked her out pretty plainly, poor thing—but mistaken the man must have been; for Rosanna, as you know, had been all the Thursday afternoon ill up-stairs in her room.

Item the second came through the postman. Worthy Mr. Candy had said one more of his many unlucky things, when he drove off in the rain on the birthday night, and told me that a doctor's skin was waterproof. In spite of his skin, the wet had got through him. He had caught a chill that night, and was now down with a fever. The last accounts, brought by the postman, represented him to be light-headed—talking nonsense as glibly, poor man, in his delirium as he often talked it in his sober senses. We were all sorry for the little doctor; but Mr. Franklin appeared to regret his illness, chiefly on Miss Rachel's account. From what he said to my lady, while I was in the room at breakfast-time, he appeared to think that Miss Rachel—if the suspense about the Moonstone was not soon set at rest—might stand in urgent need of the best medical advice at our disposal.

Breakfast had not been over long, when a telegram from Mr. Blake, the elder, arrived, in answer to his son. It informed us that he had laid hands (through his friend, the Commissioner) on the right man to help us. The name of him was Sergeant Cuff; and the arrival of him from London, might be expected by the morning train.

At reading the name of the new police-officer, Mr. Franklin gave a start. It seems that he had heard some curious anecdotes about Sergeant Cuff, from his father's lawyer, during his stay in London. "I begin to hope we are seeing the end of our anxieties already," he said. "If half

the stories I have heard are true, when it comes to unravelling a mystery, there isn't the equal in England of Sergeant Cuff!"

We all got excited and impatient as the time drew near for the appearance of this renowned and capable character. Superintendent Seegrave returning to us at his appointed time, and hearing that the Sergeant was expected, instantly shut himself up in a room, with pen, ink, and paper, to make notes of the Report which would be certainly expected from him. I should have liked to have gone to the station myself, to fetch the Sergeant. But my lady's carriage and horses were not to be thought of, even for the celebrated Cuff; and the pony-chaise was required later for Mr. Godfrey. He deeply regretted being obliged to leave his aunt at such an anxious time; and he kindly put off the hour of his departure till as late as the last train, for the purpose of hearing what the clever London police-officer thought of the case. But on Friday night he must be in town, having a Ladies' Charity, in difficulties, waiting to consult him on Saturday morning.

When the time came for the Sergeant's arrival, I went down to the gate to look out for him.

A fly from the railway drove up as I reached the lodge; and out got a grizzled, elderly man, so miserably lean that he looked as if he had not got an ounce of flesh on his bones in any part of him. He was dressed all in decent black, with a white cravat round his neck. His face was as sharp as a hatchet, and the skin of it was as yellow and dry and withered as an autumn leaf. His eyes, of a steely light grey, had a very disconcerting trick, when they encountered your eyes, of looking as if they expected something more from you than you were aware of yourself. His walk was soft; his voice was melancholy; his long lanky fingers were hooked like claws. He might have been a parson, or an undertaker—or anything else you like, except what he really was. A more complete opposite to Superintendent Seegrave than Sergeant Cuff, and a less comforting officer to look at, for a family in distress, I defy you to discover, search where you may.

"Is this Lady Verinder's?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Sergeant Cuff."

"This way, sir, if you please."

On our road to the house, I mentioned my name and position in the family, to satisfy him that he might speak to me about the business on which my lady was to employ him. Not a word did he say about the business, however, for all that. He admired the grounds, and remarked that he felt the sea air very brisk and refreshing. I privately wondered, on my side, how the celebrated Cuff had got his reputation. We reached the house, in the temper of two strange dogs, coupled up together for the first time in their lives by the same chain.

Asking for my lady, and hearing that she was in one of the conservatories, we went round to the gardens at the back, and sent a servant to seek her. While we were waiting, Sergeant

Cuff looked through the evergreen arch on our left, spied out our rosery, and walked straight in, with the first appearance of anything like interest that he had shown yet. To the gardener's astonishment, and to my disgust, this celebrated policeman proved to be quite a mine of learning on the trumpery subject of rose-gardens.

"Ah, you've got the right exposure here to the south and sou'-west," says the Sergeant, with a wag of his grizzled head, and a streak of pleasure in his melancholy voice. "This is the shape for a rosery—nothing like a circle set in a square. Yes, yes; with walks between all the beds. But they oughtn't to be gravel walks like these. Grass, Mr. Gardener—grass walks between your roses; gravel's too hard for them. That's a sweet pretty bed of white roses and bluish roses. They always mix well together, don't they? Here's the white musk rose, Mr. Betteredge—our old English rose holding up its head along with the best and the newest of them. Pretty dear!" says the Sergeant, fondling the Musk Rose with his lanky fingers, and speaking to it as if he was speaking to a child.

This was a nice sort of man to recover Miss Rachel's Diamond, and to find out the thief who stole it!

"You seem to be fond of roses, Sergeant?" I remarked.

"I haven't much time to be fond of anything," says Sergeant Cuff. "But, when I have a moment's fondness to bestow, most times, Mr. Betteredge, the roses get it. I began my life among them in my father's nursery garden, and I shall end my life among them, if I can. Yes. One of these days (please God) I shall retire from catching thieves, and try my hand at growing roses. There will be grass walks, Mr. Gardener, between my beds," says the Sergeant, on whose mind the gravel paths of our rosery seemed to dwell unpleasantly.

"It seems an odd taste, sir," I ventured to say, "for a man in your line of life."

"If you will look about you (which most people won't do)," says Sergeant Cuff, "you will see that the nature of a man's tastes is, most times, as opposite as possible to the nature of a man's business. Show me any two things more opposite one from the other than a rose and a thief; and I'll correct my tastes accordingly—if it isn't too late at my time of life. You find the damask rose a goodish stock for most of the tender sorts, don't you, Mr. Gardener? Ah! I thought so. Here's a lady coming. Is it Lady Verinder?"

He had seen her before either I or the gardener had seen her—though we knew which way to look, and he didn't. I began to think him rather a quicker man than he appeared to be at first sight.

The Sergeant's appearance, or the Sergeant's errand—one or both—seemed to cause my lady some little embarrassment. She was, for the first time in all my experience of her, at a loss what to say at an interview with a stranger.

Sergeant Cuff put her at her ease directly. He asked if any other person had been employed about the robbery before we sent for him; and hearing that another person had been called in, and was now in the house, begged leave to speak to him before anything else was done.

My lady led the way back. Before he followed her, the Sergeant relieved his mind on the subject of the gravel walks by a parting word to the gardener. "Get her ladyship to try grass," he said, with a sour look at the paths. "No gravel! no gravel!"

Why Superintendent Seegrave should have appeared to be several sizes smaller than life, on being presented to Sergeant Cuff, I can't undertake to explain. I can only state the fact. They retired together; and remained a weary long time shut up from all mortal intrusion. When they came out, Mr. Superintendent was excited, and Mr. Sergeant was yawning.

"The Sergeant wishes to see Miss Verinder's sitting-room," says Mr. Seegrave, addressing me with great pomp and eagerness. "The Sergeant may have some questions to ask. Attend the Sergeant, if you please!"

While I was being ordered about in this way, I looked at the great Cuff. The great Cuff, on his side, looked at Superintendent Seegrave in that quietly expecting way which I have already noticed. I can't affirm that he was on the watch for his brother-officer's speedy appearance in the character of an Ass—I can only say that I strongly suspected it.

I led the way up-stairs. The Sergeant went softly all over the Indian cabinet and all round the "boudoir;" asking questions (occasionally only of Mr. Superintendent, and continually of me), the drift of which I believe to have been equally unintelligible to both of us. In due time, his course brought him to the door, and put him face to face with the decorative painting that you know of. He laid one lean inquiring finger on the small smear, just under the lock, which Superintendent Seegrave had already noticed, when he reproved the women-servants for all crowding together into the room.

"That's a pity," says Sergeant Cuff. "How did it happen?"

He put the question to me. I answered that the women-servants had crowded into the room on the previous morning, and that some of their petticoats had done the mischief. "Superintendent Seegrave ordered them out, sir," I added, "before they did any more harm."

"Right!" says Mr. Superintendent in his military way. "I ordered them out. The petticoats did it, Sergeant—the petticoats did it."

"Did you notice which petticoat did it?" asked Sergeant Cuff, still addressing himself, not to his brother-officer, but to me.

"No, sir."

He turned to Superintendent Seegrave upon that, and said, "You noticed, I suppose?"

Mr. Superintendent looked a little taken aback; but he made the best of it. "I can't

charge my memory, Sergeant," he said, "a mere trifle—a mere trifle."

Sergeant Cuff looked at Mr. Seegrave as he had looked at the gravel walks in the roseray, and gave us, in his melancholy way, the first taste of his quality which we had had yet.

"I made a private inquiry last week, Mr. Superintendent," he said. "At one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink on a tablecloth that nobody could account for. In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world, I have never met with such a thing as a trifle yet. Before we go a step further in this business we must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain when that paint was wet."

Mr. Superintendent—taking his set-down rather sulkily—asked if he should summon the women. Sergeant Cuff, after considering a minute, sighed, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "we'll take the matter of the paint first. It's a question of Yes or No with the paint—which is short. It's a question of petticoats with the woman—which is long. What o'clock was it when the servants were in this room yesterday morning? Eleven o'clock—eh? Is there anybody in the house who knows whether that paint was wet or dry, at eleven yesterday morning?"

"Her ladyship's nephew, Mr. Franklin Blake, knows," I said.

"Is the gentleman in the house?"

Mr. Franklin was as close at hand as could be—waiting for his first chance of being introduced to the great Cuff. In half a minute he was in the room, and was giving his evidence as follows:

"That door, Sergeant," he said, "has been painted by Miss Verinder, under my inspection, with my help, and in a vehicle of my own composition. The vehicle dries whatever colours may be used with it, in twelve hours."

"Do you remember when the smeared bit was done, sir?" asked the Sergeant.

"Perfectly," answered Mr. Franklin. "That was the last morsel of the door to be finished. We wanted to get it done, on Wednesday last—and I myself completed it by three in the afternoon, or soon after."

"To-day is Friday," said Sergeant Cuff, addressing himself to Superintendent Seegrave. "Let us reckon back, sir. At three on the Wednesday afternoon, that bit of the painting was completed. The vehicle dried it in twelve hours—that is to say, dried it by three o'clock on Thursday morning. At eleven on Thursday morning you held your inquiry here. Take three from eleven, and eight remains. That paint had been *eight hours dry*, Mr. Superintendent, when you supposed that the women-servants' petticoats smeared it."

First knock-down blow for Mr. Seegrave! If he had not suspected poor Penelope, I should have pitied him.

Having settled the question of the paint, Sergeant Cuff, from that moment, gave his

brother-officer up as a bad job—and addressed himself to Mr. Franklin, as the more promising assistant of the two.

"It's quite on the cards, sir," he said, "that you have put the clue into our hands."

As the words passed his lips, the bedroom door opened, and Miss Rachel came out among us suddenly.

She addressed herself to the Sergeant, without appearing to notice (or to heed) that he was a perfect stranger to her.

"Did you say," she asked, pointing to Mr. Franklin, "that *he* had put the clue into your hands?"

("This is Miss Verinder," I whispered, behind the Sergeant.)

"That gentleman, miss," says the Sergeant—with his steely-grey eyes carefully studying my young lady's face—"has possibly put the clue into our hands."

She turned for one moment, and tried to look at Mr. Franklin. I say, tried, for she suddenly looked away again before their eyes met. There seemed to be some strange disturbance in her mind. She coloured up, and then she turned pale again. With the paleness, there came a new look into her face, a look which it startled me to see.

"Having answered your question, miss," says the Sergeant, "I beg leave to make an inquiry in my turn. There is a smear on the painting of your door, here. Do you happen to know when it was done? or who did it?"

Instead of making any reply, Miss Rachel went on with her questions, as if he had not spoken, or as if she had not heard him.

"Are you another police-officer?" she asked.

"I am Sergeant Cuff, miss, of the Detective Police."

"Do you think a young lady's advice worth having?"

"I shall be glad to hear it, miss."

"Do your duty by yourself—and don't allow Mr. Franklin Blake to help you!"

She said those words so spitefully, so savagely, with such an extraordinary outbreak of ill-will towards Mr. Franklin, in her voice and her look, that—though I had known her from a baby, though I loved and honoured her next to my lady herself—I was ashamed of Miss Rachel for the first time in my life.

Sergeant Cuff's immovable eyes never stirred from off her face. "Thank you, miss," he said. "Do you happen to know anything about the smear? Might you have done it by accident yourself?"

"I know nothing about the smear."

With that answer, she turned away, and shut herself up again in her bedroom. This time, I heard her—as Penelope had heard her before—burst out crying as soon as she was alone again.

I couldn't bring myself to look at the Sergeant—I looked at Mr. Franklin, who stood nearest to me. He seemed to be even more sorely distressed at what had passed than I was.

"I told you I was uneasy about her," he said. "And now you see why."

"Miss Verinder appears to be a little out of temper about the loss of her Diamond," remarked the Sergeant. "It's a valuable jewel. Natural enough! natural enough!"

Here was the excuse that I had made for her (when she forgot herself before Superintendent Seegrave, on the previous day) being made for her over again, by a man who couldn't have had *my* interest in making it—for he was a perfect stranger! A kind of cold shudder ran through me, which I couldn't account for at the time. I know, now, that I must have got my first suspicion, at that moment, of a new light (and a horrid light) having suddenly fallen on the case, in the mind of Sergeant Cuff—purely and entirely in consequence of what he had seen in Miss Rachel, and heard from Miss Rachel, at that first interview between them.

"A young lady's tongue is a privileged member, sir," says the Sergeant to Mr. Franklin. "Let us forget what has passed, and go straight on with this business. Thanks to you, we know when the paint was dry. The next thing to discover is when the paint was last seen without that smear. You have got a head on your shoulders—and you understand what I mean."

Mr. Franklin composed himself, and came back with an effort from Miss Rachel to the matter in hand.

"I think I do understand," he said. "The more we narrow the question of time, the more we also narrow the field of inquiry."

"That's it, sir," said the Sergeant. "Did you notice your work here, on the Wednesday afternoon, after you had done it?"

Mr. Franklin shook his head, and answered, "I can't say I did."

"Did *you*?" inquired Sergeant Cuff, turning to me.

"I can't say I did either, sir."

"Who was the last person in the room, the last thing on Wednesday night?"

"Miss Rachel, I suppose, sir."

Mr. Franklin struck in there, "Or possibly your daughter, Betteredge." He turned to Sergeant Cuff, and explained that my daughter was Miss Verinder's maid.

"Mr. Betteredge, ask your daughter to step up. Stop!" says the Sergeant, taking me away to the window, out of earshot. "Your Superintendent here," he went on, in a whisper, "has made a pretty full report to me of the manner in which he has managed this case. Among other things, he has, by his own confession, set the servants' backs up. It's very important to smooth them down again. Tell your daughter, and tell the rest of them, these two things, with my compliments: First, that I have no evidence before me, yet, that the Diamond has been stolen; I only know that the Diamond has been lost. Second, that *my* business here with the servants is simply to ask them to lay their heads together and help me to find it."

My experience of the women-servants, when Superintendent Seegrave laid his embargo on their rooms, came in handy here.

"May I make so bold, Sergeant, as to tell

the women a third thing?" I asked. "Are they free (with your compliments) to fidget up and downstairs, and whisk in and out of their bedrooms, if the fit takes them?"

"Perfectly free," says the Sergeant.

"That will smooth them down, sir," I remarked, "from the cook to the scullion."

"Go, and do it at once, Mr. Betteredge."

I did it in less than five minutes. There was only one difficulty when I came to the bit about the bedrooms. It took a pretty stiff exertion of my authority, as chief, to prevent the whole of the female household from following me and Penelope upstairs, in the character of volunteer witnesses in a burning fever of anxiety to help Sergeant Cuff.

The Sergeant seemed to approve of Penelope. He became a trifle less dreary; and he looked much as he had looked when he noticed the white musk rose in the flower-garden. Here is my daughter's evidence, as drawn off from her by the Sergeant. She gave it, I think, very prettily—but, there! she is my child all over: nothing of her mother in her; Lord bless you, nothing of her mother in her!

Penelope examined: Took a lively interest in the painting on the door, having helped to mix the colours. Noticed the bit of work under the lock, because it was the last bit done. Had seen it, some hours afterwards, without a smear. Had left it, as late as twelve at night, without a smear. Had, at that hour, wished her young lady good night in the bedroom; had heard the clock strike in the "boudoir;" had her hand at the time on the handle of the painted door; knew the paint was wet (having helped to mix the colours, as aforesaid); took particular pains not to touch it; could swear that she held up the skirts of her dress, and that there was no smear on the paint then; could *not* swear that her dress mightn't have touched it accidentally in going out; remembered the dress she had on, because it was new, a present from Miss Rachel; her father remembered, and could speak to it, too; could, and would, and did fetch it; dress recognised by her father as the dress she wore that night; skirts examined, a long job from the size of them; not the ghost of a paint-stain discovered anywhere. End of Penelope's evidence—and very pretty and convincing, too. Signed, Gabriel Betteredge.

The Sergeant's next proceeding was to question me about any large dogs in the house who might have got into the room, and done the mischief with a whisk of their tails. Hearing that this was impossible, he next sent for a magnifying-glass, and tried how the smear looked, seen that way. No skin-mark (as of a human hand) printed off on the paint. All the signs visible—signs which told that the paint had been smeared by some loose article of somebody's dress touching it in going by. That somebody (putting together Penelope's evidence and Mr. Franklin's evidence) must have been in the room, and done the mischief, between midnight and three o'clock on the Thursday morning.

Having brought his investigation to this point, Sergeant Cuff discovered that such a person as Superintendent Seegrave was still left in the room, upon which he summed up the proceedings for his brother-officer's benefit, as follows:

"This trifle of yours, Mr. Superintendent," says the Sergeant, pointing to the place on the door, "has grown a little in importance since you noticed it last. At the present stage of the inquiry there are, as I take it, three discoveries to make, starting from that smear. Find out (first) whether there is any article of dress in this house with the smear of the paint on it. Find out (second) who that dress belongs to. Find out (third) how the person can account for having been in this room, and smeared the paint, between midnight and three in the morning. If the person can't satisfy you, you haven't far to look for the hand that has got the Diamond. I'll work this by myself, if you please, and detain you no longer from your regular business in the town. You have got one of your men here, I see. Leave him here at my disposal, in case I want him—and allow me to wish you good morning."

Superintendent Seegrave's respect for the Sergeant was great; but his respect for himself was greater still. Hit hard by the celebrated Cuff, he hit back smartly, to the best of his ability, on leaving the room.

"I have abstained from expressing any opinion, so far," says Mr. Superintendent, with his military voice still in good working order. "I have now only one remark to offer, on leaving this case in your hands. There is such a thing, Sergeant, as making a mountain out of a molehill. Good morning."

"There is also such a thing as making nothing out of a molehill, in consequence of your head being too high to see it." Having returned his brother-officer's compliment in those terms, Sergeant Cuff wheeled about, and walked away to the window by himself.

Mr. Franklin and I waited to see what was coming next. The Sergeant stood at the window, with his hands in his pockets, looking out, and whistling the tune of "The Last Rose of Summer" softly to himself. Later in the proceedings, I discovered that he only forgot his manners so far as to whistle, when his mind was hard at work, seeing its way inch by inch to its own private ends, on which occasions "The Last Rose of Summer" evidently helped and encouraged him. I suppose it fitted in somehow with his character. It reminded him, you see, of his favourite roses, and, as he whistled it, it was the most melancholy tune going.

Turning from the window, after a minute or two, the Sergeant walked into the middle of the room, and stopped there, deep in thought, with his eyes on Miss Rachel's bedroom-door. After a little he roused himself, nodded his head, as much as to say, "That will do!" and, addressing me, asked for ten minutes' conversation with my mistress, at her ladyship's earliest convenience.

Leaving the room with this message, I heard Mr. Franklin ask the Sergeant a question, and stopped to hear the answer also at the threshold of the door.

"Can you guess yet," inquired Mr. Franklin, "who has stolen the Diamond?"

"Nobody has stolen the Diamond," answered Sergeant Cuff.

We both started at that extraordinary view of the case, and both earnestly begged him to tell us what he meant.

"Wait a little," said the Sergeant. "The pieces of the puzzle are not all put together yet."

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

ECLIPSE.

On the 1st of April, 1764, during an eclipse of the sun, Spiletta, a celebrated mare of illustrious descent, gave birth, in the Duke of Cumberland's stables in the Isle of Dogs, to a little chesnut colt. The eclipse being generally considered by the stud-manager and the anxious grooms as having some mysterious reference to the colt's future career, the Duke at once named the little chesnut stranger "Eclipse"—and as Eclipse he was henceforward known. He was of a light chesnut colour, his off hind leg white from nearly the top of the shank to the foot; and he had a white blaze from his forehead to his nose. His dam, Spiletta, was a bay mare, bred by Sir Robert Eden, and got by Regulus out of Mother Western. Though she only started once, and was then beaten by another child of Regulus, Spiletta was of royal origin and of desert blood. On her father's side she sprang from the Godolphin barb and Lister Turk; on her mother's side, from one of Oliver Cromwell's barb mares. Marske, the sire of Eclipse, was also of the noblest blood. He was descended from Bartlett's Childers, and traced back to Lord Fairfax's Morocco barb. About the time of the Commonwealth, speed became the great desideratum of the breeders, instead of bulk; as armour had dropped off the horse-soldier piece by piece, the old Flemish war-horse had become obsolete; and breeders, with an eye to the demands of the army, directed their attention more to fleetness. Marske only ran about six times, and in those six times was only thrice victorious. He was sold, on the Duke of Cumberland's death, for a very trifling sum, and was afterwards purchased by a Mr. Wildman for only twenty guineas, and to the infinite contentment of the seller. But when Eclipse became illustrious, his father became illustrious too, and was purchased by the Earl of Abingdon for a thousand guineas. The produce of this renowned horse, won in twenty-two years, amounted to seventy-one thousand two hundred and five pounds ten shillings, besides the Salisbury silver bowl, the Epsom cup, twenty-eight hogsheads of claret at Newmarket, the Ipswich gold cup, and the Newmarket whip.

The Duke of Cumberland, the patron of

Figg and Broughton, the prize-fighters, and also a great friend of horse-racing, died, by no means much regretted, in 1765, and, on his death, Eclipse was sold with the rest of the stud. The unpretending colt, with the white off hind leg and the long white blaze, was knocked down in Smithfield for seventy guineas. Mr. Wildman, the salesman, who kept a good stud of race-horses at Mickleham, near Dorking, and also took in horses to train, had expressed a wish to buy Eclipse; some groom or jockey, with an eye to the colt, so short in the forehand and so high in the hips, had, in fact, given a hint of his promise, and Wildman was anxious to carry him off. The ivory hammer had already fallen before the tardy buyer made his appearance. The purchaser of the chesnut colt eyed him with scornful triumph; not that Eclipse was worth much, but then he had "nicked" that sharp fellow, Wildman, who always thought he was up to everything. But Wildman was Yorkshire too, and hard, very hard to get round. He took out his watch, and pronounced the recent sale illegal. The hour of sale that had been fixed in the advertisement had not yet arrived by several minutes. The lot knocked down must be re-sold, or there would be pickings for the lawyers out of the matter. The auctioneer sulkily confesses the error; the sullen purchaser yields, too, per force. The chesnut yearling is put up again. Eventually Eclipse is knocked down, amid the amusement of his friends, to Mr. Wildman, the acute and the pertinacious, for seventy-five guineas.

The Godolphin Arabian, sent as a present to Louis the Fourteenth by the Emperor of Morocco was so little thought of that it was sold to a man who drove it about Paris in a cart, and from the cart this fallen monarch of the desert was taken by the English gentleman who bought it. In youth, Eclipse was equally despised, and his genius as cruelly ignored. His temper was certainly bad; he bit, and kicked, and jibbed, and shied, and struck out like a boxer with his fore legs. In various other uncomfortable ways he tried to proclaim his irresistible courage, daring, speed, and endurance. At one time, vexed and distracted, Mr. Wildman thought it would be impossible to bring him to the post except as a gelding, his spirit was so fiery and unquenchable. At last, in a rage, Wildman put him into the not very gentle hands of a poaching roughrider near Epsom, who rode him about all day from stable to stable, and at night took him to the cover-side, or made him wait while he smoked pheasants, or dragged stubbles for partridges. Even the steel joints and india-rubber muscles of Eclipse wearied of this ceaseless drudgery, and he grew quieter and more docile; but still the animal's lion heart was so large, and throbbed with such a full hot flood of generous blood, that his spirit remained unbroken, and his favourite jockeys, Fitzpatrick and Oakley, never attempted to hold him, but sat patient and wondering in their saddles, flying through the air till the horse stopped and the earthquake of cheering began.

When Eclipse was four years old, Mr. O'Kelly, a well-known man on the turf, gave two hundred and fifty guineas for a half share in him, and, soon after, seven hundred and fifty for the remainder. He ran the next year at Epsom.

The Dennis O'Kelly who bought Eclipse was an Irish adventurer—some said a sedan-chairman. When he suddenly became a sort of Midas, at whose touch everything turned into gold, envy and cynicism wrote countless satires and lampoons upon him, attributing his wealth to every possible crime and baseness. He seems to have been a rough, shrewd, reckless fellow, thoroughly conscious of the power of his wealth, and careless to conceal his triumph.

With an ignorant head, but skilful at combinations and calculations, O'Kelly, nevertheless, had his reverses; at one period of his life, beggared at the green-cloth, he found his way into the Fleet, and could not get easily out of it again, till his mistress lent him her last hundred pounds, and with that he slowly won back the wandering guineas. Fortune was never tired of favouring the noisy Irishman, who yet failed to obtain the recognition of society, and could not succeed in getting admission into the best clubs, social or sporting. Being refused admittance into the Jockey Club, he could never run Eclipse for any of the great Newmarket stakes—a source of perpetual mortification to the blustering Irishman.

But honest or dishonest, thwarted by the aristocracy or aided by rogues, O'Kelly did his best to aid his steady friend, Fortune, by shrewdness, sagacity, indefatigable industry, and perseverance. No tricks could baffle him, no scheme blind his keen eyes. He had both the rush and the staying power of a good horse; he knew when to "wait" on his adversaries, or when to spring on them and pass them at the last length. In fact, on the turf he was as invincible as Eclipse, his bread-winner; horse and man, nothing could come near them. To prevent his jockey's ever being bought over, he always kept a favourite rider, at an annual salary. This man was legally pledged to ride for him, whenever ordered to do so, for any plate, match, or sweepstake, but with the privilege at odd times of riding for any other person, if O'Kelly had no horse entered for the same race. When he first made this contract, and fixed on his jockey, he instantly acceded to the rider's terms, and at once offered to double them if the jockey would also bind himself under a penalty never to ride for any of the *black-legs*.

The little man in boots, with perhaps no very exalted idea of Captain O'Kelly's honour, asked, with an uncontrollable stare, whom he called black-legs? The captain replied, with a string of sonorous Anglo-Irish oaths:

"Oh, by the powers, my dear, I'll soon make you understand whom I mean by the dirty black-legs." With that preliminary assurance, the Captain named all the chief members of the Jockey Club of the day.

Such was the revenge of the man on those who had shut their doors upon the owner of Eclipse. O'Kelly usually carried a heap of

bank notes carelessly crumpled up in his waistcoat pockets. On one occasion, while he was standing at a hazard table at the Windsor races, a stealthy hand was seen by a spectator in the act of drawing out some notes from the Irishman's pocket. There was an instant alarm in the room, and the delinquent was grappled by a dozen rough hands. Some persons were for pumping on the kleptomaniac, others for hauling him at once before a magistrate; but O'Kelly had his own way of dealing with such offenders. He at once coolly seized the rascal by the collar and kicked him downstairs, saying:

"'Tis sufficient punishment for the black-guard to be deprived the pleasure of keeping company with gentlemen."

The saddling bell that rang on the Epsom Downs on the 3rd of May, 1769 (the ninth year of the reign of George the Third), was a knell sounding for the fortunes of all those unlucky men who had betted against O'Kelly's new five-year old. The bell, swaying in the little belfry near the winning-post, was announcing, that May morning, only a small race; it was for a poor fifty pound for horses that had never won, thirty-pound matches excepted. John Oakley appears with the light chesnut about which O'Kelly is so confident, and the booted squires do not see very much in him. His fore quarters sink in his stride, there's something very odd about his withers; is very low in his fore quarters; altogether a doubtful beast. "Captain" O'Kelly thinks otherwise. Yesterday he took the odds to a large amount—cocked hats full of guineas; to-day he is more violent and positive, bets even money, and five and six to four that he would beat all the horses. Now he is called on to declare, for the jockeys are weighing, and the course is clearing, violently he shouts, in answer:

"Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere."

Mr. Fortesque's Gower, Mr. Castle's Cade, Mr. Jennings's Trial, and Mr. Quick's Plume are the competitors of Eclipse. The light chesnut horse, with the white off hind leg, takes its trial canter, and the turf echoes under its flashing hoofs. The man in scarlet rides forward; the horses get into line; the flag drops; they start. O'Kelly's eager eyes watch the circular green ribbon of turf with confident yet anxious glance. At the three-mile post the horses are all together; the chesnut has not come forward yet; but though John Oakley pulls with all his might for the whole of the last mile, the lion of a horse distances all the four, and springs in almost before the rest have turned the corner.

And now the crowd that closed in round the unruffled winner found all sorts of new beauties in him. A firkin of butter could rest on his withers. His shoulders, they now see, are exactly like those of a greyhound, wide at the upper part and nearly on a line with his back. Old men begin to think that he may some day, if his speed goes on increasing, equal Flying Childers, who went nearly a mile a minute, who

ran four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-eight yards on the Beacon course in seven minutes and thirty seconds, and who was supposed to cover a space of twenty-five feet at every bound. The delighted jockey tells the exulting noisy owner that from the first lift of the whip Eclipse made running, and broke clean away from the ruck.

That same month Eclipse won a two-mile race at Ascot, and in June the King's Plate at Winchester. The same season he bore away the King's Plate at Salisbury, and the City Silver Bowl; he also walked over for the King's Plate at Canterbury, and won the King's Plates at Lewes and Lichfield. There was no compromise about his victories; he cut down the field at once, and shot in like a rifle bullet.

In 1770, at Newmarket, Eclipse was again conqueror, beating Bucephalus and Pensioner, and winning pint cups full of guineas for his old master, Mr. Wildman. When running for the King's Plate, the betting was ten to one on Eclipse. After the heat, large bets were made at six and seven to four that he would distance Pensioner, which he did with ease. At Guilford, in June of the same year, he carried off the King's Plate and the subscription purse of three hundred and nineteen pounds ten shillings. At starting, the betting was twenty to one on him; and when running a hundred to one. He sprang away at once, kept the lead, at two miles was a distance ahead, and ran in without requiring whip or spur. He had already won for lucky O'Kelly a cart-full of gold cups, silver plates, and purses of guineas. Sporting men were getting afraid of him. In September, 1770, at Lincoln, he walked over for the King's Plate. In October, O'Kelly entered his champion for the Newmarket one hundred and fifty guinea race, which he won. All the best six-year olds were then entered against him for the King's Plate. O'Kelly offered to take ten to one. Bets were made to an enormous amount. The captain, being called upon to declare, shouted his old cry, "Eclipse and nothing else." Down went the flag, off went the enchanted horse at score, double distanced the whole following in a moment, and passed the winning-post without turning a hair.

No horse dare run against Eclipse again after that. He walked over the course for several King's Plates, and was then put out of training and reserved for breeding. Captain O'Kelly's fee at Clay Hill, near Epsom, was fifty guineas. Eclipse was afterwards removed to O'Kelly's seat at Cannons, Middlesex. Eclipse's master used to declare that he had gained more than twenty-five thousand pounds by him; but whether he meant by breeding alone we do not know.

This paragon of race-horses died at Cannons on the 25th of February, 1789, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, of colic and inflammation. The stomach and liver were found much diseased. The heart of the indomitable creature weighed fourteen pounds, and Vial de St. Bel, who opened him, attributed his extra-

ordinary and unflinching courage to the size and vigour of this huge blood-pump. It is a singular fact, that a small dark spot on the quarter of Eclipse has been found in his descendants in the fifth and sixth generations.

At the interment of this king of horses, cake and ale were given, as at a royal funeral. The same respect had been shown to the memory of the great Godolphin Arabian. That excellent authority, the author of "Scott and Sebright," kindly calls our attention to the parallel fact of the funeral of the illustrious descendant of the Godolphin barb, Dr. Syntax, the sire of Beeswing. On that mournful occasion, a party of Newmarket trainers were invited to see him shot and buried in the paddocks behind the palace at Newmarket. They gave a lusty "three times three" over the grave, and then adjourned to the house to toast his memory.

O'Kelly hired a poet to fling his last defiance on Eclipse's tomb at Highflyer and his sire, King Herod, whose ancestor, the famous Byerley Turk, bore King William through the battle of the Boyne. The poet produced the following epitaph:

Praise to departed worth! illustrious steed,
Nor the famed Phenix of Pindar's ode,
O'er thee, Eclipse, possessed transcendent speed,
When by a keen Newmarket jockey rode.

Though from the hoof of Pegasus arose
Inspiring Hippocrene, a fount divine,
A richer stream superior merit shows—
Thy matchless foot produced O'Kelly wine.

True, o'er the tomb in which this favorite lies
No vaunting boast appears of lineage good;
Yet the turf register's bright page defies
The race of Herod to show better blood.

George the Fourth, always fond of racing, even after that disagreeable discussion which led to his retirement from the turf, mounted one of Eclipse's hoofs as a cup, and it was a challenge prize for some years at Ascot.

Herring published an engraving of his Eclipse. There was, and probably still is, a painting of the long, low chesnut, with the low withers, at Stockton House, Wiltshire. It is by Sartorius the elder, and represents the horse, mounted by Jack Oakley, going over the Beacon course, at Newmarket. He is going "the pace," with his head very low, his jockey is sitting quite still in his saddle. Both Eclipse's celebrated jockeys died in distress. John Singleton, the first winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, ended in 1776 as a pauper in Chester workhouse, and Jack Oakley in a parish poor-house near Park-lane.

In 1861 there was much controversy in the sporting papers as to whether Mr. Gamgee or his son had or had not obtained from Mr. Bracy Clark, on the payment of one hundred pounds, the skeleton of this famous horse. Many asserted that Eclipse was buried at Cannons, by his proprietor, Dennis O'Kelly. Others stated that the skeleton had ornamented, for the past sixty years, the Veterinary Museum of the Dublin Society.

Jockeys are fond of relics. They make gar-

den chairs out of the bones of favourite racers; they cut slippers out of their skins. There are gold lockets now existing, in which are enclosed precious locks of Eclipse's red chesnut mane. The challenge whip at Newmarket, the tradition goes, was made from Eclipse's tail, and so they say is the wrist-string. The hoofs were reverently preserved, and one of them was mounted in silver, and, with a silver salver, was presented by William the Fourth in 1832 to be run for as a challenge prize at the ensuing Ascot races. When Tattersall's used to be near St. George's Hospital, a picture of Eclipse was hung over the fireplace, above the race-lists and the notices. It was the production of Mr. Garrard. There is also another picture of him with an inscription which declares that "he was never flogged nor spurred," and which also states the fact, extraordinary, if true, that "he was a roarer," perhaps from cold caught in his rough poaching days.

A few remarks on the introduction of Barbary and Arabian horses into England may here not be irrelevant. The first Arabian horse of celebrity was bought by James the First of a merchant for five hundred pounds. It did not succeed as a racer, and the breed for a time fell into disrepute in Great Britain. In Charles the First's reign a lighter and swifter horse began to be bred. Oliver Cromwell, a true country gentleman at heart, and very fond of racing, hunting, and all active sports, kept a racing-stud. The manager of this establishment, Mr. Place, possessed the famous White Turk, whose descendants were valuable in improving the breed of English racers. Charles the Second, an excellent rider, had several valuable mares sent him from our colony in Tangiers. The Barb mare was given by the Emperor of Morocco to Lord Arlington, secretary to King Charles the Second. The Turk was brought into England by the Duke of Berwick, in the reign of James the Second. It was part of the duke's spoil at the siege of Buda. The Selaby Turk was the property of Mr. Marshall, the stud groom of King William, Queen Anne, and George the First. After Queen Anne's time, many valuable Eastern stallions and mares were imported. The Brown Arabian and the Goden Arabian were added to Lord Northumberland's stud about 1760. The Damascus Arabian arrived in Yorkshire the same year. The Cullen Arabian was a somewhat early importation. Racers now cannot do what their predecessors did. They have neither the speed nor the staying power. That patriarch of the turf, Sir Charles Bunbury, who died in 1821, and whose horse, Diomed, won the first Derby stakes at Epsom in 1780, introduced the vicious custom of running horses at two years old, before their full strength had ripened. Lighter weights at once became necessary, and the horses, prematurely enervated, left offspring inferior to themselves in speed and endurance.

Unhappily one of the worst signs of our

own time is presented in connection with horse-racing—in itself an innocent, perhaps a useful recreation. The vice of betting has been consolidated into a regular profession, preying on dupes in all ranks, from peers to apprentices. Ancestral domains, and the stolen contents of shop-tills, equally change hands through the agency of the turf. Clubs, banks, and markets have been established for the convenience of the knaves, and the fools who bet. Their transactions are quoted with grim regularity, like the prices of the public funds; and they have a special literature of their own, which, from its success, proves the turf-gambling public to have enormously increased since the days of Eclipse.

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

“THE Albert medal, presented by the Queen in person.” Such is a record found in the Registry of Wrecks and Casualties on the British coast, opposite the name of Samuel Popplestone, farmer, Start Point, Devon. This is the only Albert medal given in the year 1866 for the rescue of drowning men.

On the 23rd of March, in that year, the barque Spirit of the Ocean, with a crew of eighteen hands, and twenty-four passengers became unmanageable in a gale from that most fatal quarter, the south-west. Part of the crew were down in sickness, yearning with the impatience of sick men to breathe the pure air of England. They had just heard the pleasant news that the ship was nearing the land, and that by to-morrow they would see their friends at home. But the wind rose, and soon blew fiercely. The mates and passengers worked at the pumps and rigging for the precious life, but could do nothing. Soon the currents caught the ship, and bore her swiftly towards the shore. The sails had been torn in ribbons. Popplestone, from the crags above, saw that if the vessel failed to clear a ledge of rocks running treacherously out into the sea, she would be lost. On the instant, he sent one of his labourers to rouse the unconscious villagers of Torr Cross, and then clambered down the cliffs alone. Striding, scrambling, leaping from rock to rock, often falling from the slippery ridges, often sinking in holes covered by deceitful sea-weed, often staggered by the storm, or lifted from his feet by a hissing rush of angry water, he struggled on, and at last gained the outer line of rock over which the sea rolled with awful power. But by this time the ship had struck, and, beaten against the rocks by every wave, was rapidly breaking up. There were fewer souls on board her now, for an avalanche of water had swept more than one-half away. These poor souls lay fixed firmly in crevices among the cliffs, or were torn piecemeal on the sharp-edged reef. Still Popplestone sees garments fluttering in the wind; and though he heard no voice, he knew some were there crying out for help. He flung the

rope he thoughtfully had carried with him towards the ship. On the moment a mountain wave lifted up the black hull, as if to crush him down, but the same wave lifted him from the ledge, and, like a piece of drift-wood, rolled him from rock to rock to the very base of the cliffs. Torn, bleeding, almost exhausted, he took breath, and stood on his feet again. The hull still outside the reef ground and grated against the pitiless ledge. There were still two if not three black figures upon the wreck. He struggled on his painful way again. Fortunately he reached the ledge, and flung his rope, which he never parted with while rolling along the reef. First, the mate seized the cord, and was dragged to the beach; then one of the crew was saved; but looking out before flinging his rope again, Popplestone saw nothing but a tangled mass of broken timbers, and all the men were dead but two. Popplestone, with the mate and seaman, managed to reach the base of the cliffs, while the waves rushed round and over them, and they were in safety.

All round the coast of England, and especially where long close files of funereal marks indicate on the Wreck Chart, the frequency of wreck and death, a little red boat printed in colours shows where a lifeboat lies under its shed, ready to be pushed through the wild surf the moment a vessel is known to be in danger in the offing. In the year 1866 two hundred and seven of them kept sentinel in the harbours and creeks of England. When the mercury fell, or the seud flew thick and fast, the coxswain of each boat looked to her and saw that all was in the proper place and ready. A gun heard booming over the roar of the storm, a blue-light revealing for a moment the gloomy cliffs, the breakers, and the peril of the ship, were enough. The whole village is now upon the beach, clergymen, gentry, physicians, seamen, insensible to the storm or rain. Under the shelter of the pier, or boat-house, the women flock together. They know that husbands, sons and brothers will go out, and that a lifeboat's crew is not always safe. While the sea tears up the beach and rattles a deluge of stones and sand and sea-wrack up the village street, the boatmen launch the lifeboat. Volunteers of all grades are not wanting. No man thinks of peril when seamen and passengers are in the jaws of death. The great difficulty is to get the boat once clear from shore. She is pushed out perhaps with all her crew on board—men who could tell of many a danger shared together. Three, four, five times, the boat may be driven back, but the sea shall be mastered. The men are careless of hurts or bruises. If one be disabled there are twenty to fill his place, and even women claim to pull an oar with their husbands or their lovers. They all know the story of Grace Darling. But the men *will* go; married or single, old or young. If possible the lifeboat is placed under the lee, of the ship in danger, while the wrecked men drop one by one into the arms of the rescuers, or trust themselves to the waves. Not seldom, are both

crew and passengers powerless through cold and exhaustion to do anything to save themselves, like that Algerine sailor, in the wreck of the Oasis a few days since, who could not even speak, and lay for twenty-four hours on the deck after the rest of the crew had been taken off. But some two or three of the lifeboat's crew climb up by broken cordage, or the shattered figure-head, and let the helpless or the wounded gently down. Not till the last man is in do they return to shore. Often the boat, just as it nears the beach, is sucked back by the waves; often the oarsmen pull as if through a solid mass of sea, above and below. They watch for the coming of a billow on whose crest they may be borne in. There are a hundred eager hands ready to seize the boat and keep her steady and safe from the back wash of the waves. But the deep is treacherous, and villages on the coast have had cause to mourn not seldom, when, as if indignant at the rescue of its prey, the sea overturns the lifeboat just as all seemed safe, and grinds to death the rescuer and the rescued.

Of these two hundred and fifty-seven boats, one hundred and eighty-six belong to that noble society, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Forty-two are owned by harbour boards or boatmen. Some of these boats are thank-offerings from affluent persons who have not forgotten to be grateful for their own rescue from drowning. Others have been given by mothers and wives in memory of the preservation of sons or husbands.

The "wards" granted for special services vary in kind and in value. Sometimes they amount to four pounds, three pounds, or two pounds each. On one occasion the sum allowed was but fifteen shillings each man. But even when a drowning man was apparently less an object of public concern than a bale of cotton, the lifeboats were cheerfully manned by daring crews. No seaman ever thought of a possible reward when he dashed through the surf to a sinking ship.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN NINE CHAPTERS. SIXTH CHAPTER.

BROTHER HAWKYARD (as he insisted on my calling him) put me to school, and told me to work my way. "You are all right, George," he said. "I have been the best servant the Lord has had in his service, for this five-and-thirty year (O, I have!), and he knows the value of such a servant as I have been to him (O yes he does!), and he'll prosper your schooling as a part of my reward. That's what *he'll* do, George. He'll do it for me."

From the first I could not like this familiar knowledge of the ways of the sublime inscrutable Almighty, on Brother Hawkyard's part. As I grew a little wiser and still a little wiser, I liked

it less and less. His manner, too, of confirming himself in a parenthesis: as if, knowing himself, he doubted his own word: I found distasteful. I cannot tell how much these dislikes cost me, for I had a dread that they were worldly.

As time went on, I became a Foundation Boy on a good Foundation, and I cost Brother Hawkyard nothing. When I had worked my way so far, I worked yet harder, in the hope of ultimately getting a presentation to College, and a Fellowship. My health has never been strong (some vapour from the Preston cellar cleaves to me I think), and what with much work and some weakness, I came again to be regarded—that is, by my fellow-students—as unsocial.

All through my time as a Foundation-Boy, I was within a few miles of Brother Hawkyard's congregation, and when ever I was what we called a Leave-Boy on a Sunday, I went over there at his desire. Before the knowledge became forced upon me that outside their place of meeting these Brothers and Sisters were no better than the rest of the human family, but on the whole were, to put the case mildly, as bad as most, in respect of giving short weight in their shops, and not speaking the truth: I say, before this knowledge became forced upon me, their prolix addresses, their inordinate conceit, their daring ignorance, their investment of the Supreme Ruler of Heaven and Earth with their own miserable meannesses and littlenesses, greatly shocked me. Still, as their term for the frame of mind that could not perceive them to be in an exalted state of Grace, was the "worldly" state, I did for a time suffer tortures under my inquiries of myself whether that young worldly-devilish spirit of mine could secretly be lingering at the bottom of my non-appreciation.

Brother Hawkyard was the popular expounder in this assembly, and generally occupied the platform (there was a little platform with a table on it, in lieu of a pulpit), first, on a Sunday afternoon. He was by trade a drysalter. Brother Gimblet, an elderly man with a crabbed face, a large dog's-eared shirt collar, and a spotted blue neckerchief reaching up behind to the crown of his head, was also a drysalter, and an expounder. Brother Gimblet professed the greatest admiration for Brother Hawkyard; but (I had thought more than once) bore him a jealous grudge.

Let whosoever may peruse these lines kindly take the pains here to read twice, my solemn pledge that what I write of the language and customs of the congregation in question, I write scrupulously, literally, exactly, from the life and the truth.

On the first Sunday after I had won what I had so long tried for, and when it was certain that I was going up to College, Brother Hawkyard concluded a long exhortation thus:

"Well my friends and fellow-sinners, now I told you when I began, that I didn't know a word of what I was going to say to you (and No, I did not!) but that it was all one to me, because

I knew the Lord would put into my mouth the words I wanted."

("That's it!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And he did put into my mouth the words I wanted."

("So he did!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And why?"

("Ah! Let's have that!" from Brother Gimblet.)

"Because I have been his faithful servant for five-and-thirty years, and because he knows it. For five-and-thirty years! And he knows it, mind you! I got those words that I wanted, on account of my wages. I got 'em from the Lord, my fellow-sinners. Down. I said 'Here's a heap of wages due; let us have something down on account.' And I got it down, and I paid it over to you, and you won't wrap it up in a napkin, nor yet in a towel, not yet in a pocket-handkercher, but you'll put it out at good interest. Very well. Now my brothers and sisters and fellow-sinners, I am going to conclude with a question, and I'll make it so plain (with the help of the Lord, after five-and-thirty years, I should rather hope!) as that the Devil shall not be able to confuse it in your heads. Which he would be overjoyed to do."

("Just his way. Crafty old blackguard!" from Brother Gimblet.)

"And the question is this. Are the Angels learned?"

("Not they. Not a bit on it." From Brother Gimblet, with the greatest confidence.)

"Not they. And where's the proof? Sent ready-made by the hand of the Lord. Why, there's one among us here now, that has got all the Learning that can be crammed into him. I got him all the Learning that could be crammed into him. His grandfather" (this I had never heard before) "was a Brother of ours. He was Brother Parksop. That's what he was. Parksop. Brother Parksop. His worldly name was Parksop, and he was a Brother of this Brotherhood. Then wasn't he Brother Parksop?"

("Must be. Couldn't help hisself." From Brother Gimblet.)

"Well. He left that one now here present among us, to the care of a Brother-Sinner of his (and that Brother-Sinner, mind you, was a sinner of a bigger size in his time than any of you, Praise the Lord!), Brother Hawkyard. Me. I got him, without fee or reward—without a morsel of myrrh, or frankincense, nor yet Amber, letting alone the honeycomb—all the Learning that could be crammed into him. Has it brought him into our Temple, in the spirit? No. Have we had any ignorant Brothers and Sisters that didn't know round O from crooked S, come in among us meanwhile? Many. Then the Angels are not learned. Then they don't so much as know their alphabet. And now, my friends and fellow-sinners, having brought it to that, perhaps some Brother present—perhaps you, Brother Gimblet—will pray a bit for us?"

Brother Gimblet undertook the sacred function, after having drawn his sleeve across his mouth, and muttered: "Well! I don't know

as I see my way to hitting any of you quite in the right place neither." He said this with a dark smile, and then began to bellow. What we were specially to be preserved from, according to his solicitations, was despoilment of the orphan, suppression of testamentary intentions on the part of a Father or (say) Grandfather, appropriation of the orphan's house-property, feigning to give in charity to the wronged one from whom we withheld his due; and that class of sins. He ended with the petition, "Give us peace!" Which, speaking for myself, was very much needed after twenty minutes of his bellowing.

Even though I had not seen him when he rose from his knees, steaming with perspiration, glance at Brother Hawkyard; and even though I had not heard Brother Hawkyard's tone of congratulating him on the vigour with which he had roared; I should have detected a malicious application in this prayer. Unformed suspicions to a similar effect had sometimes passed through my mind in my earlier school-days, and had always caused me great distress, for they were worldly in their nature, and wide, very wide, of the spirit that had drawn me from Sylvia. They were sordid suspicions, without a shadow of proof. They were worthy to have originated in the unwholesome cellar. They were not only without proof, but against proof. For, was I not myself a living proof of what Brother Hawkyard had done? And without him, how should I ever have seen the sky look sorrowfully down upon that wretched boy at Houghton Towers?

Although the dread of a relapse into a state of savage selfishness was less strong upon me as I approached manhood, and could act in an increased degree for myself, yet I was always on my guard against any tendency to such relapse. After getting these suspicions under my feet, I had been troubled by not being able to like Brother Hawkyard's manner, or his professed religion. So it came about, that as I walked back that Sunday evening, I thought it would be an act of reparation for any such injury my struggling thoughts had unwillingly done him, if I wrote, and placed in his hands before going to College, a full acknowledgment of his goodness to me, and an ample tribute of thanks. It might serve as an implied vindication of him against any dark scandal from a rival Brother, and Expounder, or from any other quarter.

Accordingly, I wrote the document with much care. I may add with much feeling, too, for it affected me as I went on. Having no set studies to pursue, in the brief interval between leaving the Foundation and going to Cambridge, I determined to walk out to his place of business and give it into his own hands.

It was a winter afternoon when I tapped at the door of his little counting-house, which was at the further end of his long low shop. As I did so (having entered by the back yard, where casks and boxes were taken in, and where there was the inscription "Private Way to the Counting-house"), a shopman called to me from the counter that he was engaged.

"Brother Gimblet," said the shopman (who was one of the Brotherhood), "is with him."

I thought this all the better for my purpose, and made bold to tap again. They were talking in a low tone, and money was passing, for I heard it being counted out.

"Who is it?" asked Brother Hawkyard, sharply.

"George Silverman," I answered, holding the door open. "May I come in?"

Both Brothers seemed so astounded to see me, that I felt shyder than usual. But they looked quite cadaverous in the early gaslight, and perhaps that accidental circumstance exaggerated the expression of their faces.

"What is the matter?" asked Brother Hawkyard.

"Aye! What is the matter?" asked Brother Gimblet.

"Nothing at all," I said, diffidently producing my document. "I am only the bearer of a letter from myself."

"From yourself, George?" cried Brother Hawkyard.

"And to you," said I.

"And to me, George?"

He turned paler, and opened it hurriedly; but looking over it, and seeing generally what it was, became less hurried, recovered his colour, and said: "Praise the Lord!"

"That's it!" cried Brother Gimblet. "Well put! Amen."

Brother Hawkyard then said, in a livelier strain: "You must know, George, that Brother Gimblet and I are going to make our two businesses, one. We are going into partnership. We are settling it now. Brother Gimblet is to take one clear half of the profits. (O yes! And he shall have it, he shall have it to the last farthing!)"

"D.V.!" said Brother Gimblet, with his right fist firmly clenched on his right leg.

"There is no objection," pursued Brother Hawkyard, "to my reading this aloud, George?"

As it was what I expressly desired should be done, after yesterday's prayer, I more than readily begged him to read it aloud. He did so, and Brother Gimblet listened with a crabbed smile.

"It was in a good hour that I came here," he said, wrinkling up his eyes. "It was in a good hour likewise, that I was moved yesterday to depict for the terror of evil-doers, a character the direct opposite of Brother Hawkyard's. But it was the Lord that done it. I felt him at it, while I was perspiring."

After that, it was proposed by both of them that I should attend the congregation once more, before my final departure. What my shy reserve would undergo from being expressly preached at and prayed at, I knew beforehand. But I reflected that it would be for the last time, and that it might add to the weight of my letter. It was well known to the Brothers and Sisters that there was no place taken for me in *their* Paradise, and if I showed this last token of deference to Brother Hawkyard, notoriously in despite of my own sinful inclinations, it might

go some little way in aid of my statement that he had been good to me, and that I was grateful to him. Merely stipulating, therefore, that no express endeavour should be made for my conversion—which would involve the rolling of several Brothers and Sisters on the floor, declaring that they felt all their sins in a heap on their left side, weighing so many pounds avoirdupoise—as I knew from what I had seen of those repulsive mysteries—I promised.

Since the reading of my letter, Brother Gimblet had been at intervals wiping one eye with an end of his spotted blue neckerchief, and grinning to himself. It was, however, a habit that Brother had, to grin in an ugly manner even while expounding. I call to mind a delighted snarl with which he used to detail from the platform, the torments reserved for the wicked (meaning all human creation, except the Brotherhood), as being remarkably hideous.

I left the two to settle their articles of partnership, and count money; and I never saw them again but on the following Sunday. Brother Hawkyard died within two or three years, leaving all he possessed to Brother Gimblet, in virtue of a will dated (as I have been told) that very day.

Now, I was so far at rest with myself when Sunday came, knowing that I had conquered my own mistrust, and righted Brother Hawkyard in the jaundiced vision of a rival, that I went, even to that coarse chapel, in a less sensitive state than usual. How could I foresee that the delicate, perhaps the diseased, corner of my mind, where I winced and shrunk when it was touched or was even approached, would be handled as the theme of the whole proceedings?

On this occasion, it was assigned to Brother Hawkyard to pray, and to Brother Gimblet to preach. The prayer was to open the ceremonies; the discourse was to come next. Brothers Hawkyard and Gimblet were both on the platform: Brother Hawkyard on his knees at the table, unmusically ready to pray: Brother Gimblet sitting against the wall, grinningly ready to preach.

"Let us offer up the sacrifice of prayer, my brothers and sisters and fellow-sinners." Yes. But it was I who was the sacrifice. It was our poor sinful worldly-minded Brother here present, who was wrestled for. The now-opening career of this our unawakened Brother might lead to his becoming a minister of what was called The Church. That was what *he* looked to. The Church. Not the chapel, Lord. The Church. No rectors, no vicars, no archdeacons, no bishops, no archbishops, in the chapel; but, O Lord, many such in the Church! Protect our sinful Brother from his love of lucre. Cleanse from our unawakened Brother's breast, his sin of worldly-mindedness. The prayer said infinitely more in words, but nothing more to any intelligible effect.

Then Brother Gimblet came forward, and took (as I knew he would) the text, My kingdom is not of this world. Ah! But whose

was, my fellow-sinners? Whose? Why, our Brother's here present was. The only kingdom he had an idea of, was of this world. ("That's it!" from several of the congregation.) What did the woman do, when she lost the piece of money? Went and looked for it. What should our brother do when he lost his way? ("Go and look for it," from a Sister.) Go and look for it. True. But must he look for it in the right direction, or in the wrong? ("In the right," from a Brother.) There spake the prophets! He must look for it in the right direction, or he couldn't find it. But he had turned his back upon the right direction, and he wouldn't find it. Now, my fellow-sinners, to show you the difference betwixt worldly-mindedness and unworldly-mindedness, betwixt kingdoms not of this world and kingdoms of this world, here was a letter wrote by even our worldly-minded Brother unto Brother Hawkyard. Judge, from hearing of it read, whether Brother Hawkyard was the faithful steward that the Lord had in his mind only t'other day, when, in this very place, he drew you the picture of the unfaithful one. For it was him that done it, not me. Don't doubt that!

Brother Gimblet then grinned and bellowed his way through my composition, and subsequently through an hour. The service closed with a hymn, in which the Brothers unanimously roared, and the Sisters unanimously shrieked, at me, that I by wiles of worldly gain was mock'd, and they on waters of sweet love were rock'd; that I with Mammon struggled in the dark, while they were floating in a second Ark.

I went out from all this, with an aching heart and a weary spirit; not because I was quite so weak as to consider these narrow creatures, interpreters of the Divine majesty and wisdom; but because I was weak enough to feel as though it were my hard fortune to be misrepresented and misunderstood, when I most tried to subdue any risings of mere worldliness within me, and when I most hoped that, by dint of trying earnestly, I had succeeded.

COGERS.

A LONG low room like the saloon of a large steamer. Wainscot dimmed and ornaments tarnished by tobacco-smoke and the lingering dews of steaming compounds. A room with large niches at each end, like shrines for full-grown saints, one niche containing "My Grand" in a framework of shabby gold, the other, "My Grand's Deputy" in a bordering more substantial. My Grand is not a piano, but a human instrument of many keys, to whom his deputy acts as pitchfork; not merely in tuning power, but as a record of the versatility and extensive range of his chief's play. More than one hundred listeners are waiting patiently for my Grand's utterances this Saturday night, and are whiling away the time philosophically with bibulous and nicotian refreshment. The narrow tables of the long room are filled with students and performers, and quite a little crowd is congregated

at the door and in a room adjacent until places can be found for them in the presence-chamber. "Established 1755" is inscribed on the ornamental signboard above us, and "Instituted 1756" on another signboard near. Dingy portraits of departed Grands and deputies decorate the walls, and the staidly convivial people about us are the traditional representatives of oratorical champions of a century ago. We are visiting the Ancient Society of Coggers, whose presiding spirit is uniformly addressed as "My Grand," and whose deputy or secretary commences the proceedings by reading the minutes of the latest discussion, and retreating behind a newspaper, as if to abstract himself like some lofty spirit sublimely superior to the petty hum and strife of mortals below. But first let me make a humiliating confession. I had up to this night been guilty of grave injustice to this venerable society. To my darkened understanding "Coger" had been "Codger," and I had taken a grave and complimentary title for a stroke of facetious and corrupt slang. "What? Origin of the name Codger, Old Codger, sir!" said the landlord, aghast, during our preliminary visit of inquiry. "Call it 'Coger' (making his mouth like a cart-wheel)—"call it 'Coger,' if you please, for it comes from cogitate, and signifies 'Thoughtful Men.' The Coggers, sir, have always been calm and deliberative politicians. The great John Wilkes was a Coger, sir" (this in a convincing tone, as if further testimony to calmness would be absurd); "and there's first-rate speeches here—young barristers from the Temple, and a great many literary men, writers in the newspapers and gentlemen who take an interest in public affairs. You've perhaps heard of Sergeant Thrust—a Coger, sir, in his youth; so was the late Lord Macgregor and the present Judge Owlet; and though the speaking varies, of course, you may allus count upon hearing some that's first class, and if you wouldn't mind remembering that it's Coger, not Codger, and means 'Thoughtful Men,' I'm sure the gentlemen would be happy to see you, and perhaps to hear you speak. There is no charge for admission, and visitors may come in without being introduced. It's just a public-room with a society meeting in it, and every one present is permitted to take part in the evening's discussion; but if a member wishes to speak, of course he takes precedence over a stranger. The niches, as you call 'em, sir, are alcoves for the Grand and the Vice-Grand to sit in; and these two Grands are, with the secretary, elected every 14th June, between ten and eleven at night, by show of hands among the members. This has been the way, sir, ever since 1755, when Mr. Daniel Mason founded the society, and it has prospered wonderfully and done a deal of good. Those portraits are of gentlemen who used to speak here. That dingy one with the dim eyes was a great speaker.

On the following Saturday we make up a small party at a Pall-mall club, and, proceeding eastward, are in due course seated in the long low

room. Punctually at nine My Grand opens the proceedings amid profound silence. The deputy buries himself in his newspaper, and maintains as profound a calm as the Speaker "in another place." I have seen the parliamentary functionary open the arms of his massive state chair, which have "practicable" lids, and, taking out writing materials, scribble private letters on his knee during the long and dull debates, and have smiled at the straits to which the first commoner in England has been reduced. My Grand's deputy continues to imitate the Speaker in his profound abstraction, while my Grand himself pours out an even flood of rhetoric. "The events of the week" form the subject of discussion, and the orator opens the ball by an epitome of the newspaper intelligence of the last seven days. The digest of a weekly newspaper is fairly comprehensive, but my Grand exceeds this in versatility and length. Giving running comments as he goes, he passes from Bethnal-green and the poor laws, to Italy and the Pope; from the last phase of Fenianism to the natural perfidy of Napoleon; from the decisions of the police magistrates of London to King Theodore's victims in Abyssinia. My Grand is sarcastic on "the hopeless dullness of the middle-class intellect;" and when complimentary to the charity and personal usefulness of Roman Catholic priests, it is as an honourable opponent who pats a vanquished enemy on the back. He is satirical again upon the enormous stupidity of governments in general, and the transcendent ignorance and fatuity of the British Government in particular. He denounces Fenianism, pities distress, sympathises with misfortune, approves right, and denounces wrong; while the Thoughtful Men about him sip their glasses gravely, emit huge columns of smoke, and give meditative grunts of approval or dissent. The most perfect order is preserved. The Speaker or deputy, who seems to know all about it, rolls silently in his chair: he is a fat dark man, with a small and rather sleepy eye, such as I have seen come to the surface and wink lazily at the fashionable people clustered round a certain tank in the Zoological Gardens. He refolds his newspaper from time to time, until deep in the advertisements. The waiters silently remove empty tumblers and tankards, and replace them full. But My Grand commands profound attention from the room, and a neighbour, who afterwards proved a perfect Boanerges in debate, whispered to us concerning his vast attainments and high literary position.

This chieftain of the Thoughtful Men is, we learn, the leading contributor to a newspaper of large circulation, and, under his signature of "Locksley Hall," rouses the sons of toil to a sense of the dignity and rights of labour, and exposes the profligacy and corruption of the rich to the extent of a column and a quarter every week. A shrewd, hard-headed man of business, with a perfect knowledge of what he had to do, and with a humorous twinkle of the eye, my Grand went steadily through his work, and gave the Thoughtful Men his epitome of the week's intelligence. It seemed clear that the Cogers

had either not read the newspapers, or liked to be told what they already knew. They listened with every token of interest to facts which had been published for days, and it seemed difficult to understand how a debate could be carried on when the text admitted so little dispute. But we sadly underrated the capacity of the orators near us. The sound of my Grand's last sentence had not died out, when a fresh-coloured, rather aristocratic-looking elderly man, whose white hair was carefully combed and smoothed, and whose appearance and manner suggested a very different arena to the one he waged battle in now, claimed the attention of the Thoughtful ones. Addressing "Mee Grand" in the rich and unctuous tones which a Scotchman and Englishman might try for in vain, this orator proceeded, with every profession of respect, to contradict most of the chief's statements, to ridicule his logic, and to compliment him with much irony on his overwhelming goodness to the society "to which I have the honour to belong. Full of that hard northern logic" (much emphasis on "northern," which was warmly accepted as a hit by the room)—"that hard northern logic which demonstrates everything to its own satisfaction; abounding in that talent which makes you, sir, a leader in politics, a guide in theology, and generally an instructor of the people; yet even you, sir, are perhaps, if I may say so, somewhat deficient in the lighter graces of pathos and humour. Your speech, sir, has commanded the attention of the room. Its close accuracy of style, its exactitude of expression, its consistent argument, and its generally transcendent ability will exercise, I doubt not, an influence which will extend far beyond this chamber, filled as this chamber is by gentlemen of intellect and education, men of the time, who both think and feel, and who make their feelings and their thoughts felt by others. Still, sir," and the orator smiles the smile of ineffable superiority, "grateful as the members of the society you have so kindly alluded to ought to be for your countenance and patronage, it needed not" (turning to the Thoughtful Men generally, with a sarcastic smile)—"it needed not even Mee Grand's encomiums to endear this society to its people, and to strengthen their belief in its efficacy in time of trouble, its power to help, to relieve, and to assuage. No, Mee Grand, an authority whose dictum even you will accept without dispute—mee Lord Macaulay—that great historian whose undying page records those struggles and trials of constitutionalism in which the Cogers have borne no mean part—mee Lord Macaulay mentions, with a respect and reverence not exceeded by Mee Grand's utterances of to-night," (more smiles of mock humility to the room) "that great association which claims me as an unworthy son. We could, therefore, have dispensed with the recognition given us by Mee Grand; we could afford to wait our time until the nations of the earth are fused by one common wish for each other's benefit, when the principles of Cogerism are spread over the civilised world, when justice reigns supreme,

and loving-kindness takes the place of jealousy and hate." We looked round the room while these fervid words were being triumphantly rolled forth, and were struck with the calm impassiveness of the listeners. There seemed to be no partisanship either for the speaker or the Grand. Once, when the former was more than usually emphatic in his denunciations, a tall pale man, with a Shakespeare forehead, rose suddenly, with a determined air, as if about to fiercely interrupt; but it turned out he only wanted to catch the waiter's eye, and this done, he pointed silently to his empty glass, and remarked, in a hoarse whisper, "Without sugar as before."

However strongly these thoughtful people may have felt, they made no sign, and it was obvious that the discipline of the society is fairly and regularly enforced, and that, if its debates effect no other good, they encourage a habit of self-control. It was equally obvious that the society has a profound belief in its own power. The whole tenor of the debates led us to assume that the eye of Europe was upon us. If a Coger went wrong in argument, or if a mis-statement were allowed to pass uncorrected in such an assembly as this, the consequences would, it was evident, be terrible to the world at large and to generations still unborn.

In the course of the evening the Cogers declared that the East-end distress would be a thing of the past, if their own specific for pauperism were adopted. They also held a strong opinion that the metropolitan police arrangements should be efficient, instead of unsatisfactory, and laid down a clear and intelligible theory on the subject. As for the government, "the big-wigs," the secretaries of state, their door-keepers, their flunkies, their officials, their ways, their deeds, their talk, they were all nowhere. The great difficulty to mere outsiders like ourselves was the impossibility of holding two diametrically opposite opinions at the same time. What one eloquent Coger had made clear as daylight, another Coger, with equal gifts of speech, showed us to be mere hollow rodomontade. As soon as the sentiments first named had sunk into our souls and become incorporated with our intellectual being, presto! another set of sentiments were hurled at us with so much precision and force as to leave us prostrate and bemuddled. Thus, according to the Cogers, Ireland was unhappy, not for the reasons given by other Cogers, but from causes familiar to the Cogers speaking now, and so on through the subjects dealt with. A subsiding of personality lent flavour to the proceedings, and there could not be a doubt that each individual Coger had the keenest delight in hearing himself speak. We will go further, and say that the speeches were very much above the average of those served out by many British senators to their constituents, and that some of them contained passages of true eloquence, overlaid and spoilt, it may be, by wordiness, but appealing directly to those addressed, and showing a fair comprehension of the subject dealt with. To say that no one was convinced by his neigh-

bour's reasoning is but to repeat the stale sarcasm of the government-whip, who never, in all his experience, knew a speech, however powerful, change a single vote on the division list. There were prejudiced speeches, and a few, not many, grossly ignorant speeches; there were rather rabid speeches, and speeches which were self-contradictory. But the staple of the evening's entertainment was healthy and sound. There was a rough-and-ready, cut-and-thrust style about many of the remarks which savoured of the platform, and would be invaluable on the hustings, and a dogmatism which would have done credit to a county bench. But in no case did a speaker flag for lack of words. There was none of that painful stammering, that morbid affection of the throat, that restless shifting from leg to leg, that nervous fidgetiness of hands and buttons, that deliberate dying out from inattention, which distinguish the oratory of so many English gentlemen. What the Cogers have to say they say out like men. The ideas may be sometimes feeble, but the language never is; aspirates may be occasionally dropped, but the thread of the discourse is always held. It is my happiness to number many ex-members of both universities among my friends, and to have frequently been with them when a brief speech has been necessary—a few words to an expectant tenantry, an improvised address to the school-children of a parish, a resolution to be brought forward at a public meeting, or the proposal of a friend's health at a local dinner; and, with scarcely one exception, the English language has suffered terribly at their hands. Why should this be? It is no disparagement to the Cogers to say that the bulk of them have not had a tithe of the educational advantages enjoyed by the people I name. The wooden pencil and round-topped scissors peeping from the left side waistcoat-pocket of the fiery young liberal who has just sat down, proclaim him a draper's assistant; the ponderous knuckles and creased and rather dirty hands of the listener in hob-nails, together with his well-worn corduroys and flannels, show that his "ear, ear" (followed by a relishing whisper to a neighbour, "That's right, ain't it?") proceeds from a man engaged on manual labour; and we judge by the dress, demeanour, and appearance of the foxy little person who came in without his hat, and who throughout the evening moves upon his chair as if ready to burst forth with indignant interruption, but who, when his turn comes, speaks with moderation and good sense, that he is a master-tradesman in the neighbourhood. As for the young barristers and the literary gentlemen, we are bound to say that there was nothing to distinguish their oratory from that of the rest of the room. Indeed, all the members of the latter class were pointed out to us as so extremely eminent that they rather disappointed our expectations. But even including these gentlemen in our estimate, there is nothing to show that they are not, like the rest of the room, self-taught orators, and that the fluency possessed by the Cogers might not be

learnt in the schools. It has been well said, "Everybody improvises when he talks." But the silence of an auditory, when once a speaker perceives it, produces a very contrary effect to the interruption of conversation. "All eyes being fixed on him, he is embarrassed, he stammers, and at length becomes dumb; but this is not a defect of genius, it is merely a want of self-possession. He is a weak man; he is not master of his palpitating heart; he has lost his self-possession; his calm judgment has abandoned him; hence he sees nothing that he ought to see; he can compare nothing; he has lost the standard by which he ought to measure himself and others; he has lost genius, because he has lost the balance of judgment. Hence the first rule of *improvisation*, acquire the mastership of your own feelings." Mr. Robert Lowe's recent recommendation to the middle-classes to study the English language culminated in the assertion, that he had found the power of speaking that language with precision and force to be the most useful of his accomplishments.

If the ruling spirits at Cogers' Academy can turn out a fluent speaker in a few months, it is surely a disgrace to Eton and Harrow that they allow their pupils to come and go, and fail to make them speak ten consecutive words in public without breaking down? There are few more lamentable spectacles than that presented by a gentleman of well-trained mind and varied knowledge stammering feebly, and retiring ignominiously, before a handful of people who are immeasurably his inferiors in all that pertains to mental discipline and education. Their charitable eagerness to cheer him whenever a lame and floundering sentence is brought to an impotent conclusion is positively insulting. The applause when he sits down, the hand-clapping, and the foot-stamping fill him with shame; for he knows himself to have talked nonsense, and to have talked nonsense cumbrously. "Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly," says Macaulay, "as when they discuss it freely;" and though an older writer cynically tells us that as "we have two ears, and but one tongue, we may hear much and talk little," even he could give no good reason why we should not talk that little well. What the Cogers can do is of course within the reach of every school-master, and the wise man who teaches the art of speaking the language with, as the old grammars say, "elegance and propriety," will confer a boon on England. We left the hall while a gentleman was convicting, entirely to his own satisfaction, a previous speaker of ignorance of his subject; our friend, the landlord, meeting us with the courteous hope that we "had been interested, though the speaking ain't been nothin' to-night to what it is sometimes." The landlord regards the Cogers affectionately as his adopted children, but rather startles us by giving, "I won't have none of it here" as his mode of checking a debate when freedom degenerates into licence. It appears that the ardent liberalism of some advanced Cogers has occa-

sionally led to language which a feeble-minded magistrate might disapprove, and it is perhaps with an ulterior eye on licensing-day that mine host constitutes himself the unseen arbiter of the limits of debate. Upon the whole, however outspoken and revolutionary the bolder Cogers spirits may occasionally be, the ancient society has a comfortable respect for order and propriety, and maintains, as its rules and our experience testify, a decent self-respect and self-restraint which might sometimes be imitated with advantage in another place.

ENGLISH ROYAL AUTHORS.

Two works which, though not distinctly acknowledged, are perfectly well known to emanate from a royal source, have lately attracted much notice. The latter of these especially, "Our Life in the Highlands," has been so much discussed, that it seems only rational to suppose that the interest which has been manifested by all sorts of people in a particular specimen of royal authorship may be associated with some curiosity about royal authorship generally, and that those who have been eager to read what has been written by Queen Victoria may care also to hear a little about what has been written hundreds of years ago by Queen Victoria's predecessors on the throne.

The question, which among our English rulers was the first whom we may regard as having belonged to the literary brotherhood, is involved in a good deal of obscurity. Legends are in existence of literary compositions produced by Alfred the Great, by another Alfred (King of Northumberland), by Canute, Boadicea, and even by King Bladud, discoverer of the medicinal virtues of the Bath waters. The works of these distinguished sovereigns have however—if they ever existed at all—disappeared entirely from among the records of the past.

The first work of an English royal author on the authenticity of which reliance can be placed appears to be a poem or ballad composed by Richard the First in the French or Provençal dialect, and of which more than one translation has been attempted. Of this ballad, written in prison, it may certainly be said that there is, pervading the whole, a tone of sadness, and a sense of desertion and loneliness, which are not without beauty. One or two verses, selected at random from this poem, may interest the reader. We give them first in the curiously attractive old French dialect, and then as translated, not very successfully, by a learned antiquary of the last century. Between the two some idea may be formed of the nature of the ballad. In the first verse quoted, Richard speaks of his own clemency to prisoners who had fallen into his power, in former times, and makes that a reason why similar leniency should be shown to him. The old French runs thus:

Or sachon ben mi hom et mi baron,
Engles, Norman, Pettavin, et Guascon,
Qe ge n'avoie si povre compaignon,

Q'en laissasse, por aver, en prison.
Ge n'el di pas por nulla retraison;
Mas anquer soi ge pris!

This verse has been translated:

Full well they know, my lords and nobles all,
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poictou,
Ne'er did I slight my poorest vassal's call,
But all whom wealth could buy from chains with-
drew.

Not in reproach I speak, nor idly vain,
But I alone unpitied bear the chain.

Here is another gallant appeal:

Mi compaignon cui j'amoi, e cui j'am,
Cil de Chaill e cil de Persarain,
Di lor, chanzon (q'il non sout pas certain)
Unca vers els non oi cor fals ni vain!
S'il me guerroient, il feron qe villain,
Tan com ge soie pris.

And its translation:

To those my friends long loved and ever dear,
To gentle Chaill and kind Persarain,
Go forth, my song, and say, whate'er they hear,
To them my heart was never false or vain.
Should they rebel—but no; their souls disdain
With added weight to load a captive's chain.

Richard was fond of the society of the poets and troubadours of his time. It has been said of him that "he drew over singers and jesters from France to chant panegyrics of him about the streets," and also, that "he could make stanzas on the eyes of gentle ladies." Perhaps the troubadours whom he "drew over," used to help him with his poems; at all events, we know that on one occasion he worked with a *collaborateur*—the celebrated Blondel, of whom the reader does not hear now for the first time.

The next of our royal authors, chronologically, is but slenderly represented by a single poem of doubtful authenticity. This is a sort of penitential dirge, said to have been written by Edward the Second, while he was a prisoner in Carnarvon Castle. Authorities differ about the genuineness of this poem. It is written in Latin, and would certainly not repay quotation. No prose writings are attributed to this unhappy prince, nor to his predecessor, Cœur de Lion. Indeed, the royal authors of this remote time seem, unlike those of more modern days, to have all aimed at the attainment of poetic fame. Rumour says that Richard the Second made "ballads and songs, rondeaus and poems," and there is a similar legend extant concerning Henry the Fifth. This sovereign, it is said "whilst Prince of Wales, admiring the courage and conduct of a famous virago, named Elphieda, is reported to have made certain Latin verses in commendation of her." There appears to be more ground for believing in certain verses which are assigned by tradition to the next Henry, and which seem to accord well with the nature of the man of whom Granger said that "a monk's cowl would have fitted this prince's head much better than a crown." The poem is a short one, at any rate.

Kingdomes are but cares,
State ys devoid of staie,
Ryches are redy snares,
And hastene to decaie.

Pleasure ys a pryvie prycke
Wich vice doth styll provoke;
Pompe, unprompt; and fame, a flame;
Powre, a smouldryng smoke.

Who meenethe to remoofe the rocke
Owte of the slymie mudde,
Shall myre hymselfe, and hardlie scape
The swellynge of the flodde.

Horace Walpole says of these lines that they are "melancholy and simple as we should expect, and not better than a saint might compose."

We come now to a literary monarch of a very different type. Henry the Eighth, "Defender of the Faith," showed himself worthy of this proud title bestowed on him by Leo the Tenth, in devoting his pen chiefly to subjects of a polemical nature. The title-page of his great work runs thus: "Assertion of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther, edited by the most invincible King of England, France, and Ireland, Henry the Eighth of that name." All sorts of reports and arguments have been used to disprove the genuineness of this "Defence." One of them, that the style of it is different from Henry's love-letters to Anne Boleyn, which are acknowledged to be authentic, seems of but little value, the love-letter of most literary characters being generally rather unlike their more serious efforts. An argument, however, of greater force is to be found in the fact that this "Defence" is contained in full (as well as the second letter, which was called forth by Luther's reply to the first) among the collected works of Bishop Fisher. However this may be, it is certain that Henry the Eighth had a distinct taste for polemical discussion, proved by his epistles to the Dukes of Saxony, to Erasmus, and other of his authentic published works. His arguments were always hot and strong and pungent. One of his supposed works teaches such Christianity "as Henry chose to compound out of his old religion and his new." It is an exposition of the creed, as he chose it should be believed, of the seven sacraments (all which "he was pleased" to retain), "of the Ten Commandments; of the Paternoster; of the angel's salutation to Mary; of the doctrines of free will, justification and good works; and concludes with an authorised prayer for departed souls." The alacrity with which our bluff King Hal turned to subjects of a theological character may be accounted for by the nature of the education which his father gave him; for it was intended, while his brother lived, that he should be the future Archbishop of Canterbury.

The list of literary productions attributed to Henry is a full one, he being the reputed author, in addition to the "Assertion of the Seven Sacraments," and many other official letters on kindred subjects, of the following: "An Introduction to Grammar;" "A Book of Prayers;" "Preface by the King to his Primer;" "De Potestate regiâ contra Papam;" "De Christiani Hominis Institutione, lib. 1.;" "De Instituendâ Pube, lib. 1.;" "Sententiam de Mantuano Consilio, lib. 1.;" and "De justo in

Scotos Bello." Only one of them, the Treatise on the Christian Life, alluded to above, is in existence.

There is one other form of literature which this big monarch seems to have cultivated, that requires a moment's notice. The Defender of the Faith condescended to dally awhile with the Muses, perhaps as a relaxation from his grave theological studies. Unhappily, only one result of these dallies has survived for our benefit. This sonnet, as it is called, was composed, as we are told, by the king "when he conceived love for Anna Bulleign." "And hereof," says the old chronicler from whom we quote, "I entertain no doubt of the author; for if I had no better reason than the rhyme, it were sufficient to think that no other than such a king could write such a sonnet." What this sly gentleman may mean by this very doubtful remark the reader must decide for himself after perusal of the lines.

The eagle's force subdues eache byrd that flyes—
What metal can reyst the flaminge fyre?
Doth not the sunne dazle the clearest eyes,
And melte the ice, and make the froste retyre?
The hardest stones are peircede thro' wyth tools;
The wysest are, with princes, made but fools.

The unhappy lady to whom this brilliant effusion was addressed comes next in the list of royal authors. Some of her letters and addresses to her merciless lord have survived, and are sufficiently well known. There are passages in all of these which are infinitely pathetic, as when she says: "From a private station you have raised me to that of a countess; from a countess you have made me a queen; you can now only raise me one step higher—to be a saint in heaven." The tone of all that she says is so womanly, gentle, and resigned that one would almost have thought the inaccessible heart of Henry the Eighth might have been touched by the sight of such unresisting helplessness. Here are a couple of specimen verses, said, with some doubt, to have been written by Anne Boleyn. They are at least sad enough to be genuine:

Defiled is my name full sore,
Through cruel spyte and false report,
That I may say for evermore,
Farewell, my joy! adewe, comfort!
For wrongfully ye judge of me,
Unto my fame a mortall wounde.
Say what ye lyst, it will not be—
Ye seek for that cannot be found.
O death! rocke me on sleepe!
Bring me on quiet reste!
Let passe my verye guiltless goste,
Out of my carefull brest:
Toll on the passinge bell
Ringe out the dolefull knell
Let the sounde my dethe tell
For I must dye;
There is no remedy,
For now I dye.

A better right than Anne Boleyn's to the title of author seems to have been established by another of the numerous wives of our Defender of the Faith. The learned and astute Katherine

Parr has left a long list of literary productions almost all of which are of a religious nature. Perhaps her literary piety was assumed by Katherine with the idea that it might prove a bond of union between her and her dangerous husband. For in all things this discreet lady seems to have sought to ingratiate herself with the grisly tyrant, flattering and cajoling him as women often do when they fall into unscrupulous hands. "Thanks," she writes in the introduction to one of her published books, "bee given unto the Lorde that hath now sent us suche a godly and learned king in these latter days to reign over us, that with the vertue and force of God's wurdur hath taken away the vailles and mists of errors, and brought us to the knowledge of the trueth by the lighte of God's wurdur." . . . "But our Moyses, and most godly wise governor and king, hath delivered us out of the captivitee and bondage of Pharao. I meane by this Moyses, Kyng Henry the Eight! my moste soverayne favourable lord and husband." Adroit flattery this, surely, and proving the woman who used it to have been a wise one, if not entirely sincere and above-board.

The list of works attributed to Katherine Parr is too long for quotation. Among them are: Prayers and Meditations; Queen Katherine Parr's Lamentation of a Sinner; A Latin Epistle to the Lady Mary, entreat^{reducer} to let the Translation of Erasmus's Par^{ase} on the New Testament be published in this Highness's name.

The concluding words of the last quoted title page furnishes a clue to the origin of treatises, expositions, letters, and other compositions set down by the chroniclers as the bona fide productions of those royal gentlemen and ladies who have striven to excel in literature. In the case of Edward the Sixth, which comes next before us chronologically, this way out of an otherwise great difficulty suggests itself at once. Numerous and erudite compositions are given by common report to this young prince, which it is difficult to conceive, were executed by an inexperienced boy, however naturally gifted. One of the first works attributed to him is a comedy, of all things, not, indeed, a comedy according to our modern acceptation of the term, but something more resembling the ancient mysteries; of which it has been said that "all the subjects were religious, all the conduct farcical." Besides this imputed comedy, Edward wrote with his own hand—the manuscript still existing—The Sum of a Conference with the Lord Admiral. He was the author, moreover, of A Method for the Proceedings in the Council, of King Edward the Sixth's own Arguments against the Papal Supremacy, and two books said to have been written before he was twelve years of age—L'Encontre des Abus du Monde, and a translation into French of several passages of Scripture. Nor are these somewhat severe exercises all. Several Epistles and Orations, both in Greek and Latin, are ascribed to the boy by his many historians and biographers, besides a

treatise *De Fide*, addressed to the Duke of Somerset. All sorts of letters too on the most weighty subjects, and addressed to persons of consideration and worship, are attributed to him; also a long poem, of a religious nature, and not too meritorious to have been the work of a very young prince.

"A Diary or Journal of Passing Events," kept by this gifted boy, is still preserved, and is said to "give clear proof of his sense, knowledge, and goodness;" and there is also in existence a very curious paper in his own handwriting, containing memoranda of matter to be submitted to his Privy Council for consideration. It is headed, "Ceertain Pointes of waigthy matters to be immediately concluded on by my counsell. 18 Januarii, 1551," the different subjects which are to be investigated being set down in order. Some of these serve as specimens of the rest: "1. The conclusion for the payment of our dettis in February next comming. 3. The matter for the Duke of Somersete and his confederates to be considered as aparteineth to our surety and quietnes of our realme, that by their punishement and execution, according to the lawes, example may be shewed to others. 4. The resolution for the bishops that be nominated. 6. Dispatching our commissionare to Guisnes, to see the state thereof."

It is impossible, in examining the private papers left by this prince, not to be reminded of those boyish writings of Prince Albert with which we have lately become familiar. There is the same love of method, the same early religion—the same early steadiness of purpose and high principle, and the same continual desire for self-improvement.

For some unaccountable reason, Queen Mary—she to whose name a terrible adjective is commonly appended—has got to be included among the list of royal authors. There seems, however, to be little enough ground for such inclusion. Certain prayers and religious meditations, "Against the assaults of vice," "A meditation touching adversity," and the like, have been preserved as hers, as well as several letters, some of them curious, as one in which she treats of her own delicacy in never having written but to three men in her life, and another concerning her affection for her sister. A claim to the title of author is, however, hardly to be established on such slender grounds.

Of all our female sovereigns, Elizabeth seems to have cultivated literature the most closely and sedulously. She is, unquestionably, the royal authoress par excellence. The age in which she lived was one in which letters pre-eminently flourished, and the queen was not behindhand in catching the spirit of the time. Her pen was, indeed, a most prolific one. Some thirty or forty prose pieces alone are attributed to her. Letters of the official sort she produced without end, besides translations from the classics, speeches, orations, and treatises on religious subjects or on the poetic art. Some of the titles of these miscellaneous prose writings are curious, and deserve to be transcribed: A Century of Sentences, dedicated to her

father; A Curious Letter to Lord Burleigh; Another of Humour, to divert him from retiring from business; A Very Genteel Letter, written by her, when princess, to King Edward, on his desiring her picture. In the same list with these we find mention of A Comment on Plato; Two of the Orations of Isocrates, translated into Latin; A Play of Euripides, likewise translated into Latin; A Translation of a Dialogue out of Xenophon, in Greek, between Hiero, a king, yet sometime a private person, and Simonides, a poet, as touching the Life of the Prince and Private Man. Her classical attainments, if we are to believe all we read, were prodigious. She seems to have thought nothing of such small tasks as translating Sallust de Bello Jugurthino; Horace de Arte Poeticâ; and Plutarch de Curiositate, thinking nothing of them. Indeed, her knowledge of Latin was so great that she was able to give an immediate epigrammatic answer to whatever was addressed to her in that language. On one occasion, when some pert Latin verses were sent to her by Philip the Second, she retorted "instantly," as the chronicler tells us, with a neat hexameter. At another time, "being asked if she preferred the learning of Buchanan or of Walter Haddon, she replied"—again on the spur of the moment—"Buchananum omnibus antepono, Haddonum nemini postpono." One other of her answers, in English this time, when pressed hard by "a captious theologic question"—nothing less, in fact, than a required definition of the Eucharist—is almost too well known to need quotation here:

Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it.

Two of Queen Elizabeth's more studied poetical effusions survive. One is a paraphrase of the Thirteenth Psalm, and is not particularly successful, as the subjoined extract will show:

Fooles, that true fayth yet never had,
Saythe in their hartes, There is no God,
Fylthy they are in their practyse,
Of them not one is godly wyse.

This is not much worse, however, than other metrical versions of the Psalms. There were "two little anthemes, or things in meter, of hir majestie," licensed to her printer in 1578, of which this is probably one. This active and ambitious lady also translated The Speech of the Chorus in the Second Act of the Hercules Œtæus of Seneca. This is a poem of one hundred and twenty-three lines in blank verse, and nearly unintelligible throughout. Here is a difficult passage:

Though with thy gleaves and axes thou be armed,
And root full great doe glory give thy name:
Amid the viewe of all these sundrie sorte
One faultles fayth her roome even franke may claime.

The golden ledge full wrathfull spites beset,
And where the gates their postes draw forth by breadth,

More easie way to guiles and passed safe:

Speed then the clerkes of warned harmes with good,
And let the hidden blade noe wrong thee worke:
For when most shewe by gazers eyen is spide,
And presence great thy honour most advance,
This gift retaines as fellowe to thy roome:
Disdain may frowne, but envy thrust thee through.

The queen's poetical efforts seem to have been highly esteemed by the learned men of her own day. "But last in recitall," says one of these, "first in degree, is the queene, our soveraigne lady, whose learned, delicate, noble muse, easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sence, sweetnesse, and subtiltie, be it in ode, elegie, epigram, or any other kinde of poeme, wherein it shall please her majestie to employ her penne." Nor are such panegyrics confined to Elizabeth's poetical performances. Roger Ascham in one of his treatises indignantly rebukes the "young gentlemen of England" for allowing themselves to be outdone in diligence and application by a "mayd who goes beyond them all in excellencie of learning and knowledge of divers tonges;" while Savile, in his translation of Tacitus, goes a step further, and says, "The principall cause of undertaking my translation was to incite your majestie by this, as by a foile, to communicate to the world, if not those admirable compositions of your owne, yet at the least those most rare and excellent translations of histories, if I may call them translations which have so infinitely exceeded the originals." The queen seems to have been far from indifferent to these tributes of admiration, and those who knew her weakness would often take advantage of her passion for praise, and further the advancement of their own objects by pandering to it. James the First may be regarded—it is not saying much for him after all—as the chief among the royal authors. His works are well known, easily accessible, and little doubt has ever been thrown on their authenticity. One of the earliest of them is the "Basilicon Doron." It is a treatise on the art of government, and it is on this composition, more than on such fanciful performances as the "Dæmonologia" or the "Counterblast to Tobacco," that James's literary reputation is thought to rest. As some publishers quote in their advertisements the "opinions of the press" on the works whose merits they are setting forth, so might the opinions of the press of James's time—the learned writers, namely, of those and subsequent days—be quoted in favour of this voluminous essay. Camden says, "that in this book is most elegantly portrayed and set forth the pattern of a most excellent, every way accomplished king." Bacon considered it as "excellently written." Loeke described its author as "that learned king who well understood the notions of things," and Hume says that "whoever will read the 'Basilicon Doron,' particularly the two last books, will confess James to have possessed no mean genius." Such were the "favourable criticisms" of these illustrious persons, to which must be appended, to make the "opinions" complete, certain lines by a contemporary poet on the death of Prince Henry,

to whom this wonderful book was originally "given," as the phrase of the time goes, or as we now say, dedicated. Speaking of the death of the prince, this courtier poet says,

I grieve the lesse
Thy kingly gift so well prevaild to make him
Fit for a crowne of endless happinesse,
And that it was th' Almighty's hand did take him,
Who was himself a book for kings to pore on,
And might have bin thy Basilikon Doron.

A few sentences extracted from this much praised treatise will serve to give the reader some idea of the general nature of the book. Here is something about the conspicuousness of the position occupied by a king:

"It is a true olde saying, that a king is as one set on a stage, whose smallest actions and gestures all the people gazingly doe beholde: and therefore, although a king be never so precise in the discharging of his office, the people, who seeth but the outward part, will ever judge of the substance by the circumstances; and according to the outward appearance, if his behaviour be light or dissolute, will conceive pre-occupied conceits of the king's inward intention. . . . Be carefull, then, my sonne, so to frame all your indifferent actions and outward behaviour, as they may serve for the furtherance and forthsetting of your inward vertuous disposition. . . . The whole indifferent actions of a man I divide in two sorts: in his behaviour in things necessarie, as food, sleeping, raiment, speaking, writing, and gesture; and in things not necessarie, though convenient and lawfull, as pastimes or exercises, and using of companie for recreation."

But the Basilicon, with all its ponderous and sententious wisdom, is hardly the kind of production which most characteristically displays the peculiar bent of King James's genius—such as it was. This sovereign seems to have aimed at a certain whimsicality and fancy in his writings far more than any of his predecessors. The comic element pervades them, indeed, throughout. The well-known "Counterblast to Tobacco"—spoken of by Horace Walpole as being made up of "quotations, puns, scripture, witticisms, superstitions, oaths, vanity, prerogative, and pedantry"—is an excellent specimen of the peculiar bias of James's clumsy humour. So is the "Dæmonologia," a treatise undertaken, as its royal author informs us, "not in anywise to serve as a shew of learning and ingine, but only to resolve the doubting harts of many, that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practized, and that the instrumentes thereof merit most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally; whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in publike print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and the other, called Wierus, a German physition, sets out a public apology for all these craftes-folkes." By these two works—the Dæmonologia and the Counterblast—James is said to have lost as much reputation as he had gained by his Basilicon. He

was not behind his predecessors in cultivating the poetic faculty. He brought out a small collection entitled "His Majesty's Poetical Exercises at vacant Hours," which, even this vainest of monarchs does not seem to be very well satisfied with. He says in his preface, apologising for their want of revision that, "When his ingyne" (a favourite word, evidently) "and age could, his affaires and fasherie would not permit him to correct them—scarslie but at stolen moments, he having the leisure to blenk upon any paper."

It was a time when puns, and all sorts of literary quips and quirks were much in vogue. The king was not behindhand in following this peculiar and distressing fashion. James greeted his Scottish subjects on a certain solemn occasion with a string of punning rhymes on the names of their most learned professors, Adam-son, Fairlie, Sands, Young, Reid, and King.

As Adam was the first of men, whence all beginning tak;
So Adam-son was president, and first man in this act.(!)
The theses Fair-lie did defend, which, though they lies contain
Yet were fair lies, and he the sam right fairlie did maintein.
The field first entred Master Sands, and there he made me see
That not all sands are barren sands, but that some fertile bee.
Then Master Young most subtilie the theses did impugne,
And kythed old in Aristotle, although his name be Young.
To him succeeded Master Reid, who, though Reid be his name,
Neids neither for his disput blush, nor of his speech think shame.
Last entered Master King, the lists, and dispute like a king,
How reason reigning as a queene should anger under-bring.
To their deserved praise have I then playd upon their names,
And will their colledge hence be cald the Colledge of King James.

Charles the First was an author of a graver type than his father. His chief work, which, it is said, went, first and last, through forty-seven impressions, was called *Icon Basilike*, a title resembling somewhat that of the opus magnum of James. This book—the authorship of which, by-the-by, has been disputed—has won golden opinions from Hume, Smollett, Bishop Horne, D'Israeli—critics who judged of its merits long after the death of its supposed author, and who cannot, therefore, be suspected of flattery. Charles was the author, besides, of some papers on Church Government, of various Prayers and Religious Exercises, of some Letters on Public Questions of the day, and of a poem on his own sufferings and sorrows, written during his captivity at Carisbrook.

Charles the Second is supposed to be the author of a certain song of an amatory nature, and his brother James, a little more industrious, wrote *Memoirs of his own Life and*

Campaigns, besides sundry letters of a political nature, and a collection of Meditations, Soliloquies, and Vows, published with a frontispiece representing himself sitting in a chair in a pensive attitude, and *crowned with thorns*.

The wife of William the Third has left behind her only one small literary claim. An anagram on the name of Roger l'Estrange, a gentleman of whose exploits contemporary history is very full. The anagram,

Roger l'Estrange,
Lying strange Roger.

For the rest—though the reign of Anne was pre-eminently a period of literary activity—the queen herself was not infected by the prevailing taste; while as to the house of Hanover it is certainly not too much to say that its present representative has shown a greater taste for literary pursuits than any one of her ancestors.

The work of our latest royal author is by this time known to everybody. We therefore propose to note down no more than one or two distinctive characteristics which separate it so remarkably from any of the literary productions published by some of the queen's predecessors on the English throne. Let the reader be mindful of those religious treatises, those theological disquisitions, those translations from the classics, and, lastly, those quaint poetical effusions which we have just been examining. Let him recal any of the elaborately formal or grimly fantastic compositions which we have noticed, and then turn to these unpretending "Leaves." Had their author merely been actuated by a desire to "write a book," she might easily have chosen some ambitious subject, and, with the help at her disposal, might have produced an appropriate successor to those treatises and disquisitions which have been mentioned above. Queen Victoria, however, has simply written a record of the experiences and impressions of a very happy period of her life, to recal them when one of the chief elements which made this happiness so great has passed away. Would Queen Mary, with the dreadful prefix to her name, have gone to see those old women in their Highland cottages, and carried good cheer, moral as well as physical, among them? Would vain Elizabeth have enjoyed scrambling about Scotch mountains, hiding away out of sight when the deer were stalked, and being carried, slung in a plaid, over the swollen mountain torrents?

For all these things were enjoyed by the writer of the *Highland Journal*, and enjoyed in no ordinary degree. The unaffected pleasure which the author of *The Highland Journal* derived from everything that she saw and did is expressed in almost every line, and in a manner which is one of the chief attractions of the book. During a walk which the queen and the prince took soon after their arrival at Blair Athol, which is suggestive of a great measure of enjoyment. They have been rambling on the hills near the house. "We were high up," says the queen, "but could not get to the top; Albert in such delight, it is a happiness to see

him, he is in such spirits. . . . We walked on to a corn-field where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats (shearing they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, so unlike our daily Windsor walk." And then she adds, "delightful as that is," as if afraid of disparaging poor old Windsor, and as if remembering what happiness exists for her there also.

There is no scene or experience described in this book which does not receive a reflected light from the sunshine which fills the heart of the writer. All sorts of small things excite her wonder and delight—the Leith fish-women with their white caps and bright-coloured petticoats, or a Highland lassie in the river, "with her dress tucked up almost to her knees, washing potatoes." All is delightful, because all is seen under such happy circumstances.

Doubtless, too, the new sensation of being free gives an additional zest to the royal pleasure. The getting away from London, from drawing-rooms and levees, and to a great extent from state cares and state conferences—though there was always a cabinet minister on the premises at Balmoral, like a memento mori at a feast—the getting away from all these things to be simply a lady living with her husband and children in a Highland château must have been a new and delightful feeling. We can see that it is so. A hundred passages in this volume which tell of the queen's keen enjoyment of that wild unfettered life which the annual journey to the Highlands put within her reach. "I was delighted," she says, on one occasion, "to go on à l'improviste, travelling in these enchanting hills, in their solitude, with only our good Highlanders with us." And in another place, when the time of leaving Scotland is near, she speaks of her liberty as one of the losses she is about to sustain. "Every little trifle and every spot I had become attached to, our life of quiet and liberty, everything was so pleasant, and all the Highlanders and people who went with us I had got to like so much."

That moment of leaving Scotland seems always to have been a very bitter one. The queen's attachment to this country, indeed, is almost beyond that of a native. Over and over again she breaks out in raptures respecting the scenery, the hills, the people, the very air she breathes. She kindles with delight when she again touches Scotch soil after having been for some time absent, and her sorrow at turning her back on the lochs and mountains when the annual holiday is over, is genuine and unaffected. "Alas! our last day in Scotland" is a phrase of frequent recurrence in these diaries, and once, when there was a heavy fall of snow on the morning of the day which was their last at Balmoral for the season, her majesty exclaims, "I wished we might be snowed up, and unable to move. How happy I should have been, could it have been so!" Nor must one source of enjoyment—the greatest

of all—be forgotten. In the Highlands the queen saw more of her beloved prince than elsewhere: walking with him, riding with him, reading with him, or sketching by his side continually.

There are some curious scenes put before the reader in this glimpse behind the curtain of what is literally a Theatre Royal. The narrative of the arrival at the castle of the tidings of the taking of Sevastopol, beginning with a description of the state of expectancy in which the house was kept all day by rumours which had reached Balmoral, and ending with an account of the arrival of telegrams in the evening, containing the decisive news, "Sevastopol is in the hands of the allies," is very bright and stirring. The lighting of the bonfire upon the cairn at the top of the hill, and the efforts to get up a display of fireworks by the poor old Frenchman, François d'Albertançon, "who lighted a number of squibs, the greater part of which would not go off," are among the memorials of an interesting time at Balmoral.

Equally interesting and well described is that other almost historical scene in which we are shown how the news of "The Duke's" death came upon the holiday party. In this case, also, there seems to have been a preliminary rumour of the truth, which was disregarded, the party at the castle going away for the day on one of their customary excursions. Then comes that curious incident of the queen missing her watch—the gift of the duke—from her side, and sending a messenger back to the house to see that it was safe, and then the return of the messenger with tidings of the watch, and with a bundle of letters, among which are two which tell the news of the old duke's death.

It is curious to read of these public events in the journal of one so deeply interested in them. The sight of such records sets one speculating whether any of our more remote sovereigns kept journals of this sort, and if so, what sort of notices of the public occurrences of the day were contained in them. A diary of Henry the Eighth's, for instance, with an entry made on the day when the news of Wolsey's death reached him, would certainly be a curiosity of some value. The tone of any such entry would, however, it is to be feared, have differed widely from such expressions of grief as those to be found in the Journal of Queen Victoria, written on Thursday, September 16, 1852.

The third and concluding Portion of
GEORGE SILVERMAN'S
EXPLANATION,

By CHARLES DICKENS,
 Will be published in No. 462, for Saturday, 29th instant.

The third Portion of
HOLIDAY ROMANCE,

By CHARLES DICKENS,
 Will be published in the monthly part for March, and the Romance will be concluded in the monthly part for April.

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